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No. 204.

THE MADMAN'S INVOCATION.

BY WALLACE PUTNAM REED.

Come, Spirit of Eternal Evil,
And view with me our joint estate;
Rejoice as a brother Devil
Made one by strong, immortal hate;
A fire within my brain is burning,
My heart is pulseless as a stone,
No fear that Reason is returning,
That false pretender to the throne!

Right royal is the realm before us,
And royal we—Perdition's peers—
Where now is He who lorded o'er us?
And where the work of Christian years?
Answer!—ye sorrow-laden ages—
Tell us your gain, tell us your loss,
That we may cry to the sages—
The saints who bow before the Cross.

Corruption rules, in States and Churches,
And wins far more than Honesty;
And reputations, free from smirches,
Are those most full of mystery.
Gold buys as much, Steel kills as many
As o'er they did, in days gone by,
And this is true of all and any,
As one may see, if he will try.

Murder, and Lust, and Avarice carry
Before them all that strikes their greed,
And in their course they never tarry,
But onward rush with lightning speed;
All that a man should prize most highly,
And keep most closely to himself,
And that which woman thinks of shyly—
All this is sold for sordid pelf.

Then come, my patient, brother Devil,
And view with me this broad expanse,
Luxuriant, with its gorgeous evil,
Our eyes may sweep it at a glance:
Now tell me if the world is needing
Another sin—a single one—
To help the others, still a-breeding?—
That look spoke truth—our work is done!

WOLFGANG, The Robber of the Rhine:

OR,
THE YOUNG KNIGHT OF THE CROSSBORDE.

BY CAPT. FREDK. WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "NADIA, THE RUSSIAN SPY," "THE
RED ROSE," "THE SEA CAT," "THE
ROCK RIDER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FLOWER OF COURTESY.

The full moon shone down through the dense foliage of the dark forest, peeping in here and there through the little gaps among the leaves, and weaving bright patterns on the thin grass and brown earth below. There was no underwood to make it dangerous to travel, only immense overhanging oaks above, where the peasants said the fairies were wont to dance in the moonlight, in the magic circles of fungi.

Through the silent arches of this great forest suddenly sounded the snort of a horse, and presently a single horseman, accompanied by three great dogs, came riding through the greenwood at a rapid walk.

It was the audacious Sir Adelbert, the rein hanging loose on his charger's neck, the sagacious creature moving confidently forward, as if he well knew where he was going.

The young knight was talking to his four friends, and they all seemed as though they understood him. The horse kept one ear cocked backward, as if he were listening, and every now and then uttered a low whinny. The dogs answered with little whines, and a low smothered snuff, their tails waving back and forth unwearily.

"Well, dogs! Well, Tristram, old horse!" said Adelbert, "we shall soon reach safe harbor for the night, now. Tristram knows the way to the nearest stable, and where to find shelter for us all. We have had a long journey and a weary one, but it will soon be over. Good old Tristram! Thou art a better friend than a brother, for thou hast brought me home at last, or what is as good now."

And he patted his charger's neck affectionately at the sight of a light gleaming through the wood afar off.

The horse stepped out faster than ever, breaking into a glad neigh, and quickening his pace to a trot, while all three dogs simultaneously broke out into joyful barks, and galloped on ahead.

In a few minutes they had arrived in front of a clearing in the woods, which opened into the cultivated country once more, and beheld before them a long, low, rambling stone farmhouse, heavily thatched. The light proceeded from a window in this house, at one end of the building, in a sort of extension or kitchen. Sir Adelbert rode boldly up to the door, and called out:

"Hutse! Hutse! Within there!"

The house was immediately thrown open, and a comely peasant-woman made her appearance on the threshold, with a child in her arms. She seemed to have been expecting some one, for she showed no surprise.

"Max, is 't thou?" she exclaimed. "Baby and I have been watching for thee since sunset. We heard the hounds bark, and guessed 'twas thou. Come in."

"Good lady," said Sir Adelbert, with as much courtesy as though he were addressing a princess, "I fear you take me for some one else."

The woman shrunk into the doorway in evident alarm.

"Who—who are you, sir?" she asked, in trembling tones. "Pray do not harm us."

"God forbid!" said Sir Adelbert; "I am a hunter who has lost his way, and has had to ride hard to escape from Wolfgang of Erstein and his robber crew. I crave only hospitality for the night, for which I will pay amply. If you fear to admit me, I will even ride on, for my knighthood's vow compels me to respect the weakest of the sex to which the mother of Christ belonged. But I humbly crave of you not to fear me."

There was something so delicate and gentle in his voice, that the woman seemed to be a little reassured.

"Dismount, sir knight," she said, timidly.



Max, the Ranger, bent his great bow and sent a white arrow whizzing through the air.

"Heaven forbid I should refuse you hospitality, but there are so many false knights and robbers in these parts that I feared you might be one."

Sir Adelbert dismounted, and advanced into the light of the open doorway.
"Look at me well, dame," he said, gently; "and if you still fear to admit me, I will go on."

The young mother looked earnestly into the handsome, high-bred face, lit up by the open, pleasant smile that distinguished Sir Adelbert. The baby that was sitting up in her arms, looking out on the world with her innocent blue eyes, settled the point. The child stretched out its arms, with a soft coo, to the handsome knight, and the mother instantly relented.

"You must be good, my lord," she said, simply, "or little Gretchen would not want to go to you. Enter and welcome."

"Kind dame," said the knight, smiling, "I fear I must trouble you first to show me where your stable is, for my horse has traveled far to-day."

"Certainly, my lord," said the dame. "We have fodder and stable-room in plenty. Follow me."

She came boldly out and opened a door at one end of the rambling house, which proved to be that of a great lean-to stable, opening into the house itself from within. The dame opened the door inside, and the light from the inner room streamed into the stable, while she pointed out to the knight several large stalls, with hay and grain in profusion. She did not seem to be afraid of the three great boar-hounds who walked around her sedately, waving their tails slowly, now and then licking her hands.

"Oh, I know them well enough," she answered, to a remark of Sir Adelbert on the subject; "Max has two just like them, that he bought as puppies, from the gracious emperor's keeper. They smell their friends' scent on my clothes, and that's why they come round me. Sir knight, you have a beautiful horse there."

"I think so, dame," said Sir Adelbert, patting the feeding charger's neck, affectionately. "He comes from an Arabian stallion that my great grandsire brought from the great Crusade, and the blood has given such life and swiftness to the horses in our family, that we keep them sacred. Now, dame, I am ready. Tristram will do for the night."

The dame shut the outer door, and led master and dogs into the little kitchen.

"Be seated, sir knight," she said, as quietly as if she had known him for years. "I will feed your poor dogs, for they must be hungry, and then we will have supper, if Max does not come in soon. Ah! there he is!"

The sound of galloping hoofs was heard outside, and the barking of more dogs. Sir Adelbert's hounds pricked up their ears, and each uttered a low snuff.

The knight spoke sternly to them.

"Lie down, dogs," he said, sharply; "manners."

The last word appeared to have some meaning to it in the dogs' minds. The three retired to the side of the room, and laid themselves down as still as statues, in a line. Meanwhile, the sound of the approaching horseman and dogs increased, and the young mother seemed hesitating whether to leave the guest or not.

"Welcome your husband by all means, dame," said Sir Adelbert; "I will make myself at home by your fire."

"Thank you, sir," she said, simply; "I did not like to see him ride."

And she hustled out, baby in arms, to meet the new-comer.

Sir Adelbert drew near the great wood fire, whose cheerful glow was very grateful after the chilly night air of the greenwood. He turned over a log to make the blaze spring up,

and fell into a fit of musing, not altogether pleasant it would seem, for he frowned thoughtfully.

The sound of voices outside aroused him from his reverie, and directly afterward his hostess entered the room, followed by a short man with immense breadth of shoulders, very long, brawny arms, bare to the shoulder, and a square, determined, but good-humored face, half-hidden by a portentous yellow beard.

"This is my husband, Max, the Ranger," said the dame, frankly. "He is come to welcome your lordship."

Sir Adelbert stood up in the low kitchen, his bright curls reaching within a foot of the ceiling, and held out his hand.

"Friend Max," he said, "thou hast a brave little wife, to stay all alone here. I have heard thy name before, I think. Thou art Ranger to the Margrave of Wurtemberg. Is't not so?"

The Ranger looked up at the lofty figure of the knight, and glanced over his rich dress. He twined his own leather cap between his hands, and seemed startled abashed.

"Yes, my lord—I mean—your—" he stammered.

"Call me Sir Adelbert, Max," said the knight, impressively, "while I am here; remember that."

"Yes, Sir Adelbert," said Max, in a low voice.

"And now, dame," said Sir Adelbert, laughing, "if you have any mercy on two hungry hunters and five hungry dogs, give Max the baby and let us have some supper, and please you."

Honest Max took his baby in his arms without saying a word, still keeping his eyes on the ground, but glancing up furtively at the stranger, when he thought he was not looking. His wife bustled about to set the table, with a running commentary of remarks to her husband as an aside.

"Sit up, Max. Don't be so bashful," she said. "The strange lord won't eat you. Talk to him and amuse him, or he'll think you grudge him the hospitality."

Then to Sir Adelbert:
"Pray excuse him, Sir Adelbert. My good man is always dashed at the sight of great folks, though why he should at you I don't see, for a more civil gentleman never entered our house."

To Max:

Mercy, man! Mind what you're about! You'll drop the baby if you're so awkward. See, she wants to go to the knight."

In fact, the baby's father seemed to be incapable of doing any thing but sit and look awkward, and the baby, being uncomfortable, began to fidget and wriggle about, with evident longings toward the glittering dress of the strange knight. Sir Adelbert stretched out his arms with a smile, and the baby responded with a cry.

"Give her to me, Max," said the splendid stranger; and the Ranger awkwardly rose, blushing excessively, and obeyed the request.

The knight, in all his bravery of velvet and gold, took the poor Ranger's child on his knee, and talked to and played with her as if he had been at it all his life, while the mother looked delightedly on, and the father gazed at the spectacle as if he was bewildered.

A low scratching and whining was now heard at the door and Sir Adelbert's hounds raised their heads quickly, and one of them whined in answer.

"Manners!" cried the knight, sharply. The dog shrunk down as if ashamed of himself, and his companions followed his example immediately.

"Have you got your hounds in as good order as that, Max?" asked Sir Adelbert, smiling.

The Ranger stood up, as stiff as a post, in-

stantly. The question made him professional at once.

"Yes, Sir Adelbert," he said, plainly enough. "Let them in, then, if you can keep them from fighting," said the knight.

The Ranger went to the door and let in two boar-hounds as large as Sir Adelbert's. The stately creatures stalked solemnly into the room, without noticing the knight, but halted and uttered a suspicious growl at the sight of the three strange hounds. Instantly five backs rose, and five sets of white teeth were shown, while a low growl, like the mutter of thunder, became audible from the great beasts.

"Sit!" said Max.

"Manners!" said Sir Adelbert again.

The dogs became as still as death in a moment.

Then Max, the Ranger, pointed with his finger to a place beside Sir Adelbert's hounds, and sternly ordered his dogs to sit.

The well-trained creatures lay down side by side with the others, and assumed the same attitude, when there was peace in the cottage.

And now the dame announced supper as ready, and Sir Adelbert set to with a hearty appetite on black bread and bacon. But Max, the Ranger, seemed still to be unable to eat for bashfulness. Sir Adelbert noticed it.

"Dame," he said, suddenly, "what name shall I call you?"

"Gretchen, an't please you, my lord," she said, courteously; "the same as little Gretchen."

"My good Gretchen," he said, "you have a dairy, no doubt. Will you kindly fetch me a cup of milk? I do not quite like your Rhine wines, I never did."

"Certainly, my lord," she said, and hustled out.

As soon as she was gone, Sir Adelbert turned to Max.

"You know me, Max," he said, quickly. "You must keep a better face on you, I tell you; for, when I wish to be secret, I don't choose to be betrayed. Remember that I am only Sir Adelbert now. Do as I tell you, and you will find your reward. Behave as you have, and I shall think you a fool. I want to ask you several questions when your wife comes back. See that you answer them like the Margrave's Ranger. What man? You're not afraid of him. You need not be of me. Now be sure and remember."

Dame Gretchen came back and found her guest questioning her husband, the latter answering promptly.

"How far are we here from Erstein Castle?" he asked.

"About twenty miles, Sir Adelbert," said Max.

"And Tuttingen?" asked Sir Adelbert.

"Over sixty," said Max promptly.

"Then, by St. Hubert!" exclaimed Sir Adelbert; "Red Tristram has carried me well to-day; for I rode from Tuttingen only this morning. Now, Max, this knight of Erstein, how did he come there, and how long has he been there?"

"Sir Rudolph von Falkenstein was the true owner of the castle," replied Max. "He lived during the reign of the Emperor Conrad IV., of blessed memory, and the castle was called Falkenstein, or Falcon's rock. A pair of falcons had built in a crevice in the precipice from time immemorial, and the castle was named from them."

"But this Wolfgang," asked Sir Adelbert; "how did he come into the castle?"

"During the Great Interregnum," said Max, gravely. "When all Germany was nineteen years without a chief, then the knights on the borders of the Rhine began to rob all the poor traders and farmers. And Sir Rudolph was the only one that would not join their wicked league. So then they banded together to de-

stroy him, but he shut himself up in his castle and defied them. And there was a great, strong squire in his service, called Wolfgang, and he grew into great favor with Sir Rudolph because he could overthrow any knight among them in the tilt. But this Wolfgang was a traitor after all. The knights of the Robbers' League suddenly retired from before the castle, and Wolfgang swore they were gone. And Sir Rudolph went out hunting one day with his squire and some pages, leaving the lady Bertha in the castle with their baby, just like our little Gretchen there. And he never came back alive."

"But what happened to him?" asked Sir Adelbert, in an earnest tone of interest.

"Wolfgang ran back at full gallop to the castle," said the Ranger, "pursued by a squad of men-at-arms, who took care not to catch him. He told the lady Bertha how they had been surprised, and how Sir Rudolph was dead from an arrow in his breast. And then the castle was besieged again, and between fear and grief the lady Bertha died, leaving the baby, about six months old then, to Wolfgang for a guardian. But, once she was dead, Wolfgang opened the castle gates, admitted the enemy, and one of the robber knights dubbed him, the traitor, a knight of the Empire. Well do I remember the day, for I was a boy, in the train of the castle ranger, then, and Sir Wolfgang made us all swear fealty to him, on pain of instant death."

"Well," said Sir Adelbert, "is that all?"

"That was seventeen years ago," said Max; "and ever since that he has been the terror of the country. I left his service, and took the place of Ranger to the Margrave, ten years ago, and since then we have not been troubled with his requisitions. The Margrave is too powerful for him."

"And since the coming of our blessed emperor, Rudolph of Hapsburg, whom the saints preserve!" said Gretchen, piously, "we have been praying that the good emperor would hear of his deeds and come with an army to exterminate him and all his friends. Oh! Sir Knight! you seem to be some great lord. If you could only see the good emperor, and tell him what a wicked wretch is this Wolfgang, and how he has robbed the poor dear child, Lady Bertha, who knows what might happen!"

Sir Adelbert smiled.

"Perhaps the emperor knows it, already," he said. "Germany was in a sad state when he took the throne, a year ago, but everything cannot be done at once. What made this Wolfgang take the name of Erstein?"

"For spite," said the Ranger, gruffly. "He was a poor falconer, and your worship knows, Sir Adelbert, that the falcon is a gentle bird, and will abide none but those of high degree near her. This Wolfgang was the son of a butcher, and the falcons of Falkenstein grew disgusted when he came, and left their nest to build elsewhere. The robber tried to take their nestlings to train for *cycaes*. He had no man in his thieving band could reclaim a *haggard*. When they left he sent a man to lie in wait and shoot a golden eagle, which he took for his crest, and called himself Erstein, but no eagle ever built there, since he came. The people here call it Schweinstein or Hog's Rock now."

Sir Adelbert laughed.

"You are a good falconer, Max," he said.

The Ranger growled. His professional pride was in question. "A falcon and a highbred hound are gentlemen," he said; "they love not these upstarts. Gold spurs do not make a knight of Wolfgang, nor ever will. A falcon knows better than a man how to tell a gentleman."

"And what do you think a gentleman ought to be, Max?" asked Sir Adelbert, smilingly.

"A true knight," said Max, simply and reverently.

"Thou'rt right, Max," said the knight, gravely; "and a true knight should be brave, honorable, and as gentle as a woman to all beneath him. If he is such, he is worthy of knight-hood. Without it, the sword of the Holy Father Pope himself could not make him one whit better than before."

"How few true knights there are!" said Gretchen, simply.

"Dame," said Sir Adelbert, "pray that there may be more, to cleanse this sink of iniquity. Pray that our knights may carry the cross in their hearts as their ancestors did *over* them, when they won the Holy Sepulcher. Then shall poor bleeding Germany return to peace, and these Robbers of the Rhine be taught the lesson, RIGHT NOT MIGHT."

He stood up as he spoke, with a strange solemn dignity pervading his earnest young face, and signed to Max.

The Ranger jumped up with alacrity, and obeyed the mute signal, given, as if unconsciously, by one used to be obeyed.

"This way, Sir Adelbert," he said; "your chamber is ready." And he lighted the stranger knight from the room as obsequiously as if he had been a prince.

CHAPTER V.

THE SLEUTH-HOUNDS.

The next morning rose bright and clear, and at an early hour Max the Ranger stood by his door holding two horses by the bridles and surrounded by the five gigantic boar-hounds, now apparently excellent friends. Their dead comrade was buried.

One of the horses was Red Tristram, as fresh as a daisy; the other was the Ranger's bay cob. In the full light of morning one could see the vast strength of Max's sturdy frame. Short as he was, he appeared to possess the brawn of a bull, while yet very lean and large-boned. His legs were slightly bowed from his constant riding, and bare as far as his ankles. His whole dress being a tight jerkin without sleeves, and breeches half way to the knee, both

* The eyes was the young hawk taken from the nest. The haggard is the full grown wild falcon, caught in a net, and consequently more difficult to reclaim or tame.

He, too, is after Elise De Martine—my beautiful and adored Elise! Hark to the pretty titles: his 'sweet,' his 'jewel,' his 'beloved.' He will clasp her in his arms—'delicious pleasure!' Ho! I shall tear him to shreds! Who can it be?"

"Who would be searching for this myth beside yourself, captain?" queried Wynder.

"There is but one," glancing daggers into the face of the slim individual.

"And that one is Jules Willoughby."

"Blood and fire! It is Jules Willoughby, the curst apothecary's clerk. His 'sweet'—his 'jewel'—we'll see about that! Make sure of those letters, Worth Wynder. I'll have his life—Ho!" and Varlan Crosier, snapping his teeth together like castanets, bounded into the room.

The first intimation of the attack which the cloaked figure had, was the falling of a heavy body on his back, a terrific blow from a bunch of keys, and the snarl of a deep voice in his ears:

"Jules Willoughby—apothecary's clerk, thief, rival! your doom is sealed!" yelled Crosier, madly.

But, despite the force of the onset, and the demonic strength of the excited assailant, the figure was not to be so easily overpowered. Exerting his every muscle in one herculean strain, he rose to his feet, squirmed round with the suppleness of an eel, till he could grasp his foe more evenly. Then he planted one knee in Crosier's stomach, at the same time dealing him a blow in the face that knocked him backward.

But Varlan Crosier was beaten only for one second—in the next he sprang again toward his hated rival in the race after Elise De Martine: for it was Jules Willoughby, and Crosier beheld in the other's face an exact counterpart of his own, the remarkable likeness that caused him to cry out in astonishment and incredulity, as he heard him, when this Jules Willoughby seized upon the letters in the second story room.

We have seen that he half believed Jules Willoughby to be the spirit of his brother, who, as he hinted in his amazed exclamations—was drowned at some point or place, at some time or date about twelve years prior to this eventful night—an item which we shall develop hereafter.

For the present, though, he resolved that it was not his brother, nor his brother's spirit, nor was it anybody but Jules Willoughby, on whose annihilation he was dreadingly bent, because of his former intimacy and existing affection, and evident search, with, for, and after Elise De Martine.

"Accursed Jules Willoughby! you are in my way—you shall die!" he foamed, launching himself tigerishly forward.

Willoughby recoiled a step, to avoid the outstretched hands of his enemy. As he did so, the floor yawned beneath him—he disappeared down a black cavity that opened under his weight.

The encounter had occurred in the first kitchen, under which was the provision cellar; and the catch of the trap having been rottenness, and the jar proving too much for the frail bolt, the unfortunate man went plunging helplessly downward, grasping wildly at empty air.

Crosier retreated, rubbing his hands in high glee, laughing loud and harsh.

"Hey! where's he gone to?" exclaimed Worth Wynder, who had gained possession of the letters and stood ready to fly.

"Into the provision cellar!" fairly shouted the delighted Crosier. "And see: the ladder was removed, for some purpose, years ago! There is no access save by a tiny hole, between the beams, through which a rat could scarce worm itself! If he is not dead by that fall, then he never can get out! Ho! h—o!" and again he laughed loudly, pointing to the hole.

"Yes, I see," Wynder said, drawing nigh the edge. "The poor fellow has actually consigned himself to his own grave." He was cut short by the reverberating bang of a pistol; a bullet whizzed from below, burying itself in the ceiling.

Wynder's limbs flew up spasmodically, and he fell flat on his back.

"Captain, I'm a dead man!" he screamed.

"Fool! The bullet is in the ceiling—I saw the plaster fall where it struck. But, hark!"

The voice of Jules Willoughby was waiving from the trap:

"Oh, Elise!—Elise! Just when I had found you, when I could come to you and show you that I was alive and faithful to our vows after these weary years—to be buried thus! Help!—help, there! You will not leave me to die in this place? There is no outlet; all is infernal gloom. Help, or I'll perish! Do not leave me. Hear me up there, whoever you are: what have I ever done to harm you? Why do you seek my life? There is some terrible mistake. I know you not—we never met. Aid me to escape from this grave!"

"The dog is not dead yet!" said Varlan Crosier, in an undertone, who, fearing another shot, kept warily back from the edge of the pit; then he addressed his enemy:

"Ho! but I know you, accursed clerk of an apothecary!"

"Who are you?"

"No matter. I am your enemy, because I have sworn to marry Elise De Martine. I have been ahead of you, and found her. She is in this building—"

"No, you deceive yourself. Elise is far from here, where you dream not of."

"You lie! I tell you she is here, almost within sound of your voice. I am going to her this very minute. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Oh, Elise!—Elise!" shrieked the buried man.

"And you shall remain there to die, to rot, while I hold her in my arms and rain kisses on her lips," continued Crosier, maliciously, enjoying the torture he knew his words must inflict on his rival. "She has grown twice beautiful in the last ten years—since it was thought that she died by the sting of a silver serpent! She is an angel of loveliness. And she is mine—mine! I will possess her and grow fat on happiness, while you starve in that hole. Ha! ha! ha!"

A series of groans, cries and wails came from below; they could hear him ranting to and fro, pounding the walls with his fists, and leaping upward in vain attempts to grasp the edge of the planks.

"Come, Wynder, we'll go now to my beautiful Elise—my Elise! How easily I am rid of this dangerous rival. Ha! ha! ha!"

"And how I shall have the nightmare, after burying that chap!" thought Wynder, uneasily.

"Adieu, Jules Willoughby; adieu thou miserable apothecary's clerk—ho! adieu, I say. I am going to Elise, your 'jewel,' your 'sweet,' your 'beloved.' How nice! Ha! ha! ha! Come, Wynder," and with the mocking words he left the apartment, followed by Wynder, who closed the door after them to deaden the cries of the man in the pit.

"Shall we leave that candle burning, captain?"

"Yes—no matter; it will sputter out soon. Come on. 'Shlood! I am itching with impatience. Ah! here we are'—as they reached the door leading to the front vault—'Turn your lantern on the lock.'"

It was not difficult to select a key for the lock; in a few seconds they were stealthily descending the ladder-way. Thadlis still slept and snored, and they cautiously advanced.

Varlan Crosier took up the pistol which the stabler had placed upon the table, saying:

"Bind his feet with your handkerchief, and his hands with mine—here. I will keep him quiet while you do it, or blow his few brains out. Now then, quick."

He suddenly threw one knee over the chest of the slumbering man, grasped his collar with one hand, and leveled the weapon with the other. The movement aroused Thadlis instantly.

"Hilloah! By Satan! what's this? Off, you hounds!" snorted the startled man.

The pistol barrel pressed his temple, and Varlan Crosier—whose eyes emitted sparks, and whose face lowered like a demon's—hissed in the teeth of the astonished stabler:

"Silence! Move a limb, or a hand, or speak too loud, and, by all the fiends! you die! Do you hear? Twitch so much as one of your lips, and I shall kill you!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 201.)

WILMA WILDE, The Doctor's Ward.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AS IT WAS.

THE last of the dreary November days had worn away. December followed them, and the new year was ushered in.

Mellow lights glowed in the parlor of the old mansion up among the Westmoreland hills. There have been changes there since the eventful night of Wilma's coming in from her walk to the doctor's house. An eventful night, and one when the saddening element held its supremacy, for Miss Erle, holding fast to her nephew's hand, had passed from a light slumber into a sleep which knows no waking, and at the same time, in the little bare cottage in the village, the anxiety which had awakened in the hearts of the watchers there was deepening, with how good cause they afterward knew.

No need ever of the self-sacrifice decided in the heart of each of those widely different, noble men—each prepared to lay down his own best happiness to insure peace to her. No more weary burden of doom for Rose; no further need of the marble-like mask, no more ennuï and weariness; no more homage of the fashionable world for Mrs. Richland, noted and quoted for fifteen years!

During those sad days of waiting there was no jealousy and no distrust; no discord of enmity between those two, the husband of those few bright happy weeks of her young life, and the husband of these later years. When all was over, as it was in a brief four days' time, those two found consolation and comfort each in the other.

Miss Erle was laid to rest beside her kindred, in a quiet spot near the native hills, followed by the villagers, who, failing to appreciate all she had been to them in life, came to a recognition of the full measure of their loss with her death. Another funeral cortege at a later date, an imposing procession, went out from the Western avenue mansion, where the marble remains of that dearly loved wife of two husbands had been conveyed. A white tapering shaft in the Allegheny cemetery marks her grave, and the world is none the wiser for the painful drama of her life.

It is Ethel who sits in the parlor of the old house up in Westmoreland, this evening of the early new year. Miss Erle's will, which was never changed, had left the bulk of her property to Ethel. Besides, there had been some charity bequests, and Erle would not hear of the renunciation which Ethel urged. The house in the city was unbearable with a sorrowful reminder at every turn; and it was Ethel herself who had proposed returning here. Captain Bernham and Wilma were here as well, at Mr. Richland's urgent solicitation. Their mutual grief had resulted in knitting those four more closely than the brightest prosperous friendships ever could have done.

Erle had gone back to Netherlands, and despite his sincere mourning for his aunt, he was lighter-hearted on his journey than he had been for weeks before. The cause of it had come about most unexpectedly to himself. He had gone into Ethel's presence, one day, as the holidays were drawing close at hand, not shrinking from the duty which prompted him, but with a depression which revealed to himself how futile had been his effort to return the full ardor of his wandering devotion to the allegiance where, in all honor, it should belong. The trousses had arrived and been packed away from sight, in those darker days, and no reference made to their previous plans, until Erle broke the subject, a trifle abruptly, on that occasion.

"It has come to a time when I must speak to you regarding our marriage, Ethel," he had said. "I leave it entirely to your decision if any change shall occur in our plans. It seems ill-advised to be speaking of this so soon after the sorrow which has come to us both, but ours has been a quiet, long-standing betrothal, and I think it is your brother's wish that there shall be little as possible deviation from our first arrangement. It is my desire as well; and if you also agree, we will still be married plainly and privately, upon New Year's Day."

There was a troubled light in the soft, hazel eyes, as Ethel heard him, but the pure fair face was quiet in its resolve.

"There must be a change in our plans, Erle—one of which I have been wishing yet dreading to speak to you. I scarcely know how to tell you, even now. This great grief of Gertrude's death, and the knowledge of all she had borne, has shocked me to a comprehension of the great wrong I might have done us both. I do not love you with the love I should hope to bear my husband, Erle. I know now that I never can. I would be doing a great wrong to marry you at all. Howard is needing me, too, and my duty, the gratitude and love I owe him in return for long years of watchful tenderness, is to devote myself to him from this time forth."

Erle made no monstrosity, pleaded strongly even while his heart beat quick at thought of regained freedom; but Ethel remained firm. And so, at last, he had accepted his dismissal at her hands, and gone back to Netherlands. He had spoken no word to Wilma. She was so deeply under the cloud yet, her first duty was owing yet to the father, who for so long a time had been bereft of wife and child. He could be content, he thought, with this measure of light-heartedness which had come to him—contented to wait a fitting time to tell his love again to Wilma.

Ethel, sitting alone, the firelight playing over the somber mourning dress she wears, the glow from the chandelier lighting the bright hair and the pearl-like face, is thinking sadly but not gloomily of the many changes. There will be still another one when spring opens. They have made all calculations for Captain Bernham's journey—her brother, Captain Bernham, Wilma and herself. Her brother's failing

health is the first object prompting the move, and it will be better for all of them to be removed from the associations of these familiar scenes. She is recalling some vague reminiscence of that other European tour, her brother's wedding-tour, when she was a very little child, as the door opens and she looks up and rises with a slight cry, as with quick step, she advances to meet her—Justin Lenoir.

She has thought him gone to his new field of action before this, and his sudden appearance is a surprise from which she does not recover at once. There is something which is not embarrassment, but an eager excitement kept down, as he holds her hand for a moment and utters those commonplace which people always use in greeting. She remarks her surprise and wonder, and he answers her. His book has delayed him. It is just out now, and he has his first assurance of its success. She has always been sure that it would succeed, and says so now; and it is a truth that he finds as much delight in her simple faith as with the favorable reviews with which the critics have seen fit to receive it.

"I shall be ready to go within another week," he said; "and this encouragement I have met has resulted in placing me better even than I hoped for in the new work I am to take up. I should have gone without seeing you again except for a recent chance meeting with Mr. Hetherville. (That chance meeting had cost Erle more trouble and maneuvering than either of them was ever to know.) Oh, Ethel, Ethel! I know that you are free of your own accord, and I dare to plead for myself what your heart withheld from him. I have loved you since we first met, up in the mountains, and I never could school myself quite to be reconciled at thought of ever losing you. It is asking much now and offering so little except my love, but if you can trust to that I shall be the most blessed of men; I shall strive to gain much for your sake as I never could have striven alone for my own advancement."

Ethel, finding her hand clasped in his again, saying not a word, did not resist when he drew her blushing, happy face down to his shoulder.

"My darling, my darling!" he repeated, accepting all that the concession from her meant. "My only love, and you were my love at first sight. Did you know that, Ethel? Tell me, my own, when did you know first that you could care like this for me?"

"When I met you first, pale and worn by over-work, last summer among the mountains," she answered, truthfully.

Mr. Richland was less surprised than Ethel had expected he would be when the announcement of this result was made known to him. The old pride, which had always been his worst fault, had been humbled. In its place had come a softer, better sentiment, which shone pre-eminently bright at what might have been a little lingering, concealed disappointment to him even now. But he had had his lesson, bitterly hard, and he was not lacking in approval of Ethel's choice.

The marriage was fixed to take place in early spring, and the time between, seemingly flew away upon lightning wings. Lenoir was assured of obtaining leave of absence from his new situation, which he retained at his own and Ethel's desire, notwithstanding Mr. Richland's urgent representation that such a course was unnecessary, since Ethel and Ethel's husband should share equally of his bounty, but the young people were firm in declining his generosity.

"Justin has his own way to work out," Ethel said, with a glance which showed how entire her belief was that he would make it. "You must not spoil his chances by depriving him of a most untimely Howard."

Their plans had been changed only this far, that Ethel should return with her husband after a brief two months, leaving the remainder of the tourist party to their own time and their own pleasure, and the other side of the ocean.

It was to be a very quiet marriage. An invitation was dispatched to Erle to be present upon the occasion, and a half dozen hours after the letter containing it had been mailed, he came in upon them unexpectedly.

—almost.

"You see the power of attraction was too strong for me," he declared laughingly; and then heard with real pleasure the tidings he had crossed on the way.

Later that same day he succeeded in finding Wilma alone, and before she could even suspect his intention he had caught the slender little form close in his arms, his rippling golden beard swept across her dusky hair, and his bold, blue eyes looking down upon her caused her own shy, soft, dark ones to fall.

"Hetherville, for shame! Let me go!" he whispered, never, never, go," he answered her, "You until you have promised to be my own loved, cherished wife. I don't exact any promise of your loving me," he laughed. "I am very sure of that already. Guileless little heart, it could not conceal the truth from me. I have your father's consent, Wilma. My own little love! Can you and will you be happy with me?"

"Dear Erle, so happy that I am frightened there was a double wedding of course. Crayton was there and ate of the cake, and drank the health of the two young pairs, and was the wild, reckless Bohemian even under his forced good behavior of the day. He is that still, one of those talented men of good impulses and bad habits, who, with versatile ability, will never achieve a point in life. As such, let us leave him, for there are sure to come darker hours and worse recklessness before he is done with life in the true Bohemian way."

THE END.

ONE-ARMED ALF, The Giant Hunter of the Great Lakes.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"BOAT, AHoy!"

"THE Maid of Michigan—the Specter Skiff—is it possible, possible that I am—ay, it is even so, I am aboard that strange, mysterious craft!"

Thus Darcy Mayfield mused to himself as he stood erect in the little schooner, mystified and dumfounded with his two sleeping, silent captors at his feet. He could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses in the very face of staring facts. He could see that the craft was skimming over the water at a rapid speed, but whether he was being carried to safety or death he knew not. He was not a coward by any means, yet he made no move toward changing the boat's course, nor toward arousing his sleeping captors whose sleep seemed unusually deep and silent.

But, as the moments wore away and the Englishmen stirred not, something like a feeling of terror and desolation crept over him—a feeling of awe which one experiences when he enters alone the death-chamber, or some old ruins of haunted reputation. This he tried to shake off as a sudden fear, but he could not. It grew upon him, and at length he approached his captors, bent down and peered into their faces,

He started back with a low exclamation of horror. He saw that the eyes of one of the Englishmen were staring wide open with a vacant, glassy expression, while upon the forehead of the other one he could just see a small, round hole from which the blood was welling and making a scarlet path across the face. In fact, he saw that both were stone dead, yet reposing in attitudes calculated to mislead one into the belief that they were simply asleep.

A chill of horror now crept over young Mayfield's frame, and conjured up fearful thoughts in his mind. The pistol-shot and groans that he had heard in his dreams, were, after all, realities—stern facts; and he knew not how soon his own fate might be sealed. In fact, the terrible suspense under which he was now placed was agony itself to which the repulsive presence of the dead added additional horrors. From the one he could seek no relief, but the latter he could. This was by consigning the bodies of the dead to the dark waters beneath him, and this he at once proceeded to do, and in a minute's time the bodies were buried beneath the waves of the great lake.

Darcy Mayfield now seated himself, and although but little easier in mind, he could breathe freer.

The boat was skimming along at a rapid speed, the little sail being pressed to its utmost.

The night was still one of gloom and mist—damp, ghostly and dismal. Not a sound could be heard save the dull swash of the water as it closed upon the wake of the craft.

Darcy settled down upon his seat, resolved to consign himself calmly to fate, and lulled by the easy, gliding motion of the craft, he sunk into a kind of mental stupor. But from this he was suddenly aroused by a sound resembling the dip and swash of oars, and gazing around him he discovered a long boat, filled with shadowy forms, creeping through the fog toward him, and before he could make out the occupants, clear and distinct on the dismal air, a voice rang out:

"Boat ahoy!"

"Ay, ay," responded our hero, with a promptness that was evidence of his quick perception and decision.

"Halt!" returned the party in the strange boat; "who goes there?"

"A boat of our Royal Majesty of England," replied Darcy Mayfield.

"You lie, curse you," replied the challenger; "you are a loping Yankee—halt, or we'll riddle you with English bullets."

Mayfield heard the demand and threat, and even had he been disposed to obey the order he could not have done so, for he held no control over the little barque that glided swiftly on.

The next instant a dozen tongues of fire were vomited out from the sides of the English boat, and the report of musketry stirred the fog around them.

Darcy saw the flash; he heard the report and the whistle of bullets around him; he felt a sharp, stinging sensation about the head, then he sunk down in the boat and all became a blank to his mind.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HANNAH, THE MAID OF MICHIGAN.

WHEN Darcy Mayfield recovered from that state of unconsciousness into which he had been thrown by a musket-ball grazing his head, the first thing of which he became conscious was of a severe pain in the head, and his thoughts were so confused that he could not define his situation nor the cause of his semi-consciousness. Little by little, however, he regained his mind, then one by one he recalled the posture, but found that he was too weak, and as he sank back into his seat he clasped his aching brow. He started—a bandage was upon his head. Some unknown friend had placed it there—had dressed his wound and cared for him while unconscious. This discovery gave him hope and strength, and by a renewed effort he succeeded in rising once more to a sitting posture. He then gazed around him; a vast, illimitable sheet of water stretched its unbroken length away on every side. Not an object was visible upon it, and he was alone in the world. Where, then, was the friend who had dressed and bandaged his wound?

Weak with the loss of blood, and unmoved by the constant excitements of his surroundings, he again sunk down into a state of semi-consciousness. But he was soon aroused again by the electric thrill of a soft, gentle hand passing over his aching, burning brow. He opened his eyes and was startled by sight of a female figure bending over him. But to his surprise her face was covered with a veil, or mask, through which gleamed a pair of bright eyes, now beaming down upon him. She was no spirit, that was evident—but a being in the flesh, with a form beautiful and sylph-like in its proportions. A wealth of blue-black hair streamed in rippling masses down over the rounded shoulders and swelling bosom. Hands with small, tapering fingers and of snowy whiteness, were fluttering about his feverish brow, every touch sending a magnetic thrill through his whole frame.

"At last I have obtained a sight of my deliverer's form, at least," Darcy, under the impulse of the moment found strength to remark.

"I am not your deliverer, young stranger, for you are not safe yet," replied the masked maiden, for from the soft, flute-like notes of her voice, the grace and ease of her movements, and the symmetrical beauty of her form it was evident that she was a young person.

"Not safe yet!" exclaimed Darcy.

"No; your health is in a feeble condition; besides, we are leagues from land, and the lake is swarming with English boats."

As she spoke young Mayfield bent a strong, searching gaze upon her, like one awakening from a sleep filled with haunting dreams. There was something strangely familiar in the woman's tone; it seemed like an echo from the dead past. But his mind was still too unsettled to connect the past with the present, or to fix the identity of his friend and protectress; and seeing that she was desirous of keeping that identity a secret from him, he said:

"I am satisfied, then, that you are a friend, good lady; and yet you are a stranger to me, and it is evident from your being masked that you desire to remain unknown."

"That's true, sir," she replied, softly; "nevertheless, there is one thing I do not object to your knowing. I suppose you have heard of the Specter Skiff, and the Maid of Michigan?"

"I have."

"You are now aboard of that craft, and I am the Maid of Michigan."

"I suspected as much," replied Darcy; "yet there are those who believe the Maid of Michigan is but a spirit."

"Indeed!" replied the maiden, and a low,

musical laugh rippled in weird-like softness from her lips. "I am glad very glad that people think so, and it would have been well for some to have kept clear of the Specter Skiff when they found it without occupants."

A faint shudder convulsed Darcy's form at these words, for he knew that she had reference to the death of his two English captors, Kruler and Belden, and he could assign their death to no other hands than hers.

"It may be possible," continued the woman, seeing he did not speak, "that we will journey together some length of time, for your health is in a feeble condition. You bled almost to death last night from the wound you received from the Englishmen and are quite reposed in strength, so I shall not desert you until you are able to take care of yourself. Therefore you can call me Hannah, and rest assured that I am the best friend living."

"Best friend living!" exclaimed Darcy, with trembling lips, at the same time closing his eyes as if to shut out some painful mental light.

"Yes; your best friend living, Walter Garfield."

A low exclamation burst from Darcy's lips as the woman pronounced this name. He struggled to his feet by a desperate effort and bent his gaze upon the maiden—not upon her either, but upon the place where she had stood, for Hannah, the Maid of Michigan, had vanished from the boat as if by magic.

"Oh, Heaven!" groaned Darcy, in agony of spirit; "tell me she is not a spirit come with that voice to haunt my soul!" And then he sunk down, his brain wild with a consuming fire.

CHAPTER XIX.

A RETROSPECT.

WE beg the reader will bear with us while we break aside from the main thread of our story and go back three years beyond the day of which we have been writing, to narrate an incident which eventually culminated in many of the scenes and transactions already described.

On a pleasant evening of the summer of 1809 two men were seated in an elegantly furnished room of a residence in Montreal, Canada, engaged in stormy conversation. One of them was an elderly man, the other young, not more than twenty years of age. The former was a person upon whose face was stamped the signet of an evil heart and dissipated habits; while the latter was directly the opposite not only in age but in the expression of features and general character.

"It is no use talking, Sir Joshua Pellington," the young man was saying when we introduce them to the reader, "I have given my answer, and from it there is no appeal."

"But there is, Master Imbercourt," replied the elderly man addressed as Sir Joshua Pellington; "you should remember, sir, that you are a minor and I am your guardian, as well as Maria Bradbury's, and that the law of England gives me entire control of you and your property."

"That may all be, Mr. Pellington, but the law does not say who you shall select for my wife."

"I know it, Robert, but see here; by wedding your cousin, Maria Bradbury, you will unite two large English estates and re-establish the name and power of the Imbercourts."

"I care not a fig for the name. I have sworn allegiance to the American government, and I will never set foot on England's shores again. I despise that country. From there was my father banished because he dared express his opinion on the justification of the American Government in seeking redress for the injuries sustained by our commerce from English cruisers on the high seas. Moreover, I would not marry the cousin of which you speak, because I never saw her; besides, I understand she is married already to one Walter Garfield."

"That would make no difference, Robert; Garfield could be—"

"I understand you, Pellington," interrupted the youth, hotly; "you would murder Garfield to accomplish an end that would gratify your unscrupulous cupidity."

"Don't be too rash, Master Robert Imbercourt; I did not say I would murder Garfield, but if you will consent to marry Maria, he shall not stand in your way."

"No; you will murder him."

"Well, let me hear your decision?"

"You have it already. I will marry no one, God willing, but Hellice Arvine."

"A poor, plebeian American girl!" sneered Sir Joshua Pellington.

"Be careful, Josh Pellington, how you sneer at Hellice Arvine, or by the heaven above me, I will kill you!" the youth exclaimed, his eyes blazing fire.

"Robert," the villain finally remarked, "you are most too hot-headed to talk to-night. Go back to your hotel, think this matter all over, and to-morrow I will call and see you."

Young Imbercourt sprung to his feet, and snatching his hat from the table, left the room. Scarcely had the door closed upon him when the door of an adjoining apartment opened, and a tall, burly looking man entered.

"The boy is still stubborn as a mad bull," said the man.

"Yes, major, we are now forced to the last extremity, and force must be employed to effect our plans. I am determined that Robert Imbercourt shall marry Maria Bradbury. According to the will of their parents, this unites the two houses, which are worth a quarter of a million pounds each, and at their death, I will become heir to all; and I will see that they do, Major Mackelogan, at your hands!" and the expression of a demon overshadowed the man's face.

"Ha! ha! Sir Josh. You are a tenacious dog, and should win through perseverance. But what course do you think of pursuing now?"

"Capture Rob Imbercourt and Maria Bradbury and carry them in my ship to England, where I will imprison them upon some good pretext until they comply with my wishes."

"Just so; but you may have some trouble in getting Maria Bradbury, or rather Maria Garfield."

"They reside in the settlement not far from old Fort Duquesne, and my plan is for you to take about one hundred Ojibways and sweep across the border in the night, and bring the girl, dead or alive."

"The plan is a perfectly feasible one, Sir Josh; and in consideration of the two thousand pounds promised, all things working out right, I will take the Ojibbs, and make the attack whenever desired."

"Give me your hand on that, Mackelogan," said Pellington, rising to his feet and grasping his tool and confederate's hand; "to-morrow night I will have everything ready to leave Montreal and begin the work."

"All right, Sir Josh, all right. I'll be ready too. But, would it not be well to capture Imbercourt while he is in the territory?"

"Yes; we will capture him this very night, and have him confined aboard the Rover."

So saying, Pellington donned his coat and hat, and, accompanied by Major Mackelogan, left the room.</

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We may add that this, in reality, is the prelude to "Injun Dick; or, The Death-Shot of Shasta," which has long been promised. It has grown on the author's hands as a kind of necessity, as illustrating, in all truth, not alone the wild, peculiar social condition of the Pacific slope but the wonderful character of the wonderful man who is its hero.

Our Arm-Chair.

A Boy's Sermon.—Whether or not the following is original we can not say; but, being like Franklin's Almanac—good for all latitudes and longitudes—we give it, and say: "Boys—out it out, paste it in your hats, and read it every morning before the day's work commences!"

"Readers of the SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL: A word with you! Have you made up your mind to commence a new year of your life? to forsake the folly of your ways and be a man? Have you made good resolutions for the future? If so, keep them, and my word for it you will never regret it!"

"Do you wish to have friends around you, a happy home and loving children to bless you, a true wife that will be rich in the possession of such a husband? Then make good resolves and keep them!"

"Look at that poor, feeble old man that you see in the streets of your great city. He is homeless, friendless, childless; no one to give him a word of welcome. He has spent the best of his days in folly. If you would not be like him, keep the good resolutions you have made for the new year. Be a man! Say—'I will reform me of my bad habits and vices!' Try it for one year and the battle of life is won."

"Keep in good company—avoid dram-shops. Let your leisure hours be spent in reading good books and papers that will give you knowledge of what the world is doing."

"So, once more I beg of you let this New Year be the turning point of your life. No matter what you have to overcome, keep straight ahead; never look back, and with God's help you will prosper, and your country will speak well of you."

"From your friend and well-wisher,"

"WILL LEVINGSTON."

Chat.—Among the correspondence marked "personal," which drifts in upon the editor's table, is this:

"I am deeply in love with a girl near my own age, but she is rich and I am poor, and I fear to go any further in my courting of her, for her father won't consent to her marrying a man without money. I can't give her up, and I am certain she don't want me to; but, what else can I do?"

Here is a story for you, young faint-heart: "In Mendon, Vt., a deeply enamored youth recently received permission to 'speak to my father.' He did speak. He stated to the old gentleman that as to this world's goods he was incapable of making much of a show. But with a truly commendable presence of mind, he immediately added that he was 'chock full of day's works.' A young man with sense enough to make such a statement, and to make it in that way, commended himself to the fatherly heart. He got the girl."

We hope you see the point. A father, anxious for the welfare of his daughter, puts a high valuation on good character and *vim*. Show the rich man that you have both, and you'll doubtless get the girl! Remember too that "faint heart never won fair lady."

We heard of a doctor, the other day, who averred that he had not lost a single patient in nine years, where he had been called in time. Careful investigation revealed the fact that he hadn't had nine patients in nine years! This is the way with boosters generally. The men who assume the responsibilities and sustain large trusts are never heard bragging over their own virtues and successes; they leave that public exhibition of egotism to those who otherwise would

remain in unappreciated insignificance. A booster almost without exception is lacking in the very quality which he claims to have in excess, and the shrewd reader of human nature is never at a loss to determine the probable value of a brag. If this could be comprehended by that class of persons of both sexes who are eternally sounding their own praises and exalting the merits of their own blood, we should have and hear less of them—much to society's relief.—This is meant for nobody in particular, however personal it may seem. We are sure none of our readers will know any person in their village or town at whom it appears to be aimed.

—A friend writing from Indiana, says:

"I did intend trying to get up a club for you here, but there has been an agent here for the —, a miserable Chicago paper, with a flaming premium picture, and he has gloated the field just now. Don't you go to giving pictures; I almost lose respect for the papers who do, and certainly lose good opinion for the more picture the paper generally. I think people will soon get enough of the said —, and then I'll see what I can do."

That's just about it—the more picture the less paper. How can publishers give away a picture to each subscriber, if the picture is worth anything? They can not, unless the paper is not worth its price of subscription; in which event the money in the picture had better far be put in the paper. We have no "chromos" to give away as a substitute for value in the JOURNAL. If readers don't find our paper cheap enough at three dollars per year, or one dollar for three months, why—go and take some other weekly that gives a five-dollar (!) "chromo" to every three-dollar subscriber! Of course the "chromo" may not be worth, intrinsically, five cents; but then, you see, it's thrown in; and, being thrown in, how can you expect the paper to be worth three dollars?

BORROWING.

Don't borrow trouble. Enough of it comes to visit us in its own time without our anticipating its appearance. It is full time to worry over our grievances when they do come, and it's folly and foolishness for us to moan over what may take place. Let us keep up brave hearts and go along cheerfully and courageously through life, hoping and believing that our lot is to be a pleasant one, but, should it turn out contrary to our expectations, it will then be in order to trouble ourselves, although, even then, 'twould be better to bear the grievance manfully and thank Providence that the trouble is no worse.

What comfort can any person obtain by thinking the future is going to be dark—that the "ills that flesh is heir to" will surely visit him? Not one bit, not one atom! It will only serve to make that poor soul worry, and worry almost always brings misery in its train. It's distressing to hear people worry and borrow trouble, and it would puzzle Socrates himself to discover any pleasure in the melancholy occupation.

Ugh! What kills these "pestiferous" "trouble borrowers" are, with their doleful visages and whining accents! They believe the future is all dark to them, and they appear to want to prophesy it so for everybody else; they endeavor to crush out all our ambition to accomplish good ends, and endeavor to dissuade us from our pursuits by their discouraging remarks.

The best way to silence these bugbears is to pay no attention to them, and keep your mind the motto, "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."

Don't borrow newspapers—at least don't borrow mine; be independent and possess one or two of your own, and, if you "do want" to find out so much how that splendid serial in the weekly literary paper is going to turn out, subscribe for the periodical by the year, or purchase a copy at the news stand on publication day. If you borrow a paper, nine chances out of ten if you don't forget to return it when you have read it, or let it lie around the house among the dust until it is in no fit condition to return. When publications are so cheap it seems as though no one need be at the necessity of borrowing, and thus keep money out of the treasury of the publishers.

"Takes all your money for necessities," you say? My very good friend, didn't you know that a good paper is one of the necessities of life? If you didn't have that information before, I give it to you now, hoping you will profit by the same. A good paper gives as much food to the mind as do meats and groceries to the body, and—in these days—we want both mind and muscle; the former we can not have without good papers, and good papers we can not have if all want to be borrowers and none are purchasers. Subscribe for the paper and you will benefit yourself, the publishers and other subscribers, for the more money the publishers receive the more are they enabled to lay out for your entertainment and mine.

Don't borrow money. Setting day may be far distant, but it must surely come at last. Perhaps I ought to modify my words a trifle by saying—don't borrow money, if you can possibly help it. There are many who borrow who have no prospect of ever paying the amount loaned them, and that has ever appeared to me to be a swindling operation. If you can keep out of debt so by all means, for you'll not have the horrors of expecting bills due at certain times, and worrying for dear life how you are going to meet them. To those whose credit is good, and who are able and prompt to repay all the money they borrow, I cannot see harm in asking their neighbor for a little help in time of need. But when you do incur a debt don't you rest quietly until you have tried every honest means in your power to liquidate it.

Don't borrow ideas when writing for the press; use your own, and if you haven't any, don't write at all. If you must use others' ideas, strive to improve on them if you can, or put them in a clearer and more practicable light; but don't, for mercy sake, borrow other people's articles and pass them off as your own; that's plagiarism, and I consider that to be about as mean and contemptible a piece of business as you can perform. I'd rather encounter a snake any day than a plagiarist. Catch me giving house-room to such "varmints." No, I thank you, I am not at home, to any being of that sort, and wish that every literary thief was punishable with a stripe on the bare back. That's the way I feel towards these specimens of humbuggery—only a trifle harsher.

EVE LAWLESS.

OBSTINACY AND UNCHARITABLENESS.

It is a very good thing to be tenacious of truth and careful of one's promise, but there are people in the world who, when they have said no or yes, would not be shaken from the position they have taken by the abrupt opening of the millenium. To them their simple word is the law which should move the universe. If they were incantations to assert that the moon was green cheese, they would expect some wonderful chemical action to bring about the transformation and make their word good.

They are selfish of course; your people with isms and hobbies are always that. The are so

bound to their own narrow little sphere, they are blind to all good lying beyond it. They are your candid men who never find a difficulty in saying No to a request; they never ask a favor and they never grant one, for that would be to turn a little to one side or the other of the chalkline which guides their precise feet. They are the original "I told you so's," that shake their head dolorously over every human error that may bring down a man and brother. They never wander from the sternest morality, they could have shown the result sure to follow from the first wrong move, but to go out of their tracks to utter the warning would be a violation of the cardinal principles of their lives infinitely more disastrous than the ruin in morals or matter of a merely ordinary man.

To hear these human mules bray you would suppose them the rulers of the earth rather than common beasts of burden, their heaviest panniers loaded with the weight of their own self-importance and uncharitableness.

There is such a thing as too great yielding to the outside influence that is brought to bear, such a thing as a too good nature imposed upon at every turn, and these are as much above the bottomless pit. Better a thousand times never to say No even if ingratitude is the return, than to always say it, to hold the hand from real want as well as its brazen counterfeit.

Given men with blood in their veins and warm impulse in their hearts, often directed wrongly though it may be, against war and cold calculation and immovable obstinacy, the one will deal with free open hands, will do for their neighbors as they would be done by through A. A. furnished with immense boilers for heating water, and with an engine capable of throwing hot water one mile. The object of this is to scald out any vessel that comes within that distance.

FOOLSCAP PAPERS.

My Ship of War.

DURING the late Virginian flurry, and in anticipation of a war with Spain, I fitted up a vessel upon my own idea of how a ship of war should be built, at my own expense, and intended that I should command it myself; therefore I was particular how it was built.

This vessel is three hundred feet long, and fifty feet broad, and is plated entirely with India rubber, four feet in thickness, so if a ball should be shot at it by a Spanish vessel, it would bounce back with equal force against that vessel and probably sink in the sides. I got an exclusive patent out for this plan; please address the undersigned.

The bottom of my ship is furnished with wheels—first to make it run through the water with more ease, and next to run up on land and assist the land forces. The value of this could never be over-estimated.

The bow of my vessel is furnished with an immense circular saw—such as you never saw—to cut another ship completely in two, and sail on as if nothing had happened.

A cavalry regiment belongs to this ship, furnished with sea-horses procured from late menageries. To see this troop of cavalry galloping over the sea is a sight indeed.

The rudder of this ship is fixed upon an entirely new principle; in case of a pursuit the rudder can be discharged with terrific destruction at the pursuing vessel.

The color of my vessel is so peculiar to the sea that another ship will not discover her until she is close enough to be boarded; and if the other ship hasn't any baggage she won't be boarded at all—the enemy will think it is only a cloud upon the horizon until it is too late.

This vessel goes through the water at the rate of sixteen knots, and several knots that were due to strike the island of Cuba amidst ships, she would split it in two, or any other island. When her crew goes before and pulls her with a rope, her speed is incredible, and five frigates could not catch her.

She is manned with men and not buoyed with boys, and her flag is nailed to the mast, so that it never can be lowered, unless the mast is sawn down, and that would be a difficult job as it is iron-plated.

In every victory its crew will crow a crow that never was crewd.

The ship is decked with a deck upon which no knaves shall tread, and every man shall hold a full hand.

The guns on one side are so bent that a vessel will get both broadsides at once.

On top of the India rubber armor this vessel is silver-plated, but done in such a style that it will not be "taken" anywhere.

It is also built upon such a principle that it will travel under water, and raise up under the other vessel, plunging her plumb into the sea without taking the trouble to get her passenger-list.

It won't contract any engagement with any ship unless it carries more arms than she does, for she considers herself pretty good in a squeeze.

The lower part of this vessel is entirely filled with powder and nitro-glycerine, so that if I were to see we were getting the worst end of a battle, and it was nearly up with us, we can lay alongside the enemy, and blow both ships up with great convenience.

My vessel is so constructed that if she is captured she will sail right along as ever, without the trouble of turning her over again. This makes her the handiest vessel afloat. N. B.—The inventor has fully complied with the law, and no infringements on this patent will be allowed.

You observe I call this ship a "she," from the fact she is not a man-of-war, but a woman-of-war.

Every marine is iron-clad from head to foot with four-inch mail, so if a cannon-ball strikes him he would not mind it a particle.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN,
Rear Admirable.

Woman's World.

We once before adverted, in this department, to the fitness of the diamond for its supremacy as a woman's gem, and advised all who could to buy that stone in preference to all others.

That advice seemed a mockery to those who could neither now buy nor hope hereafter to obtain the coveted prize; but, dear readers, do you confine your interest to those things only that you can secure?

Of course not! Every woman loves lace of the finest looms, camel's hair shawls, and the elixir of youth even though she never expects to become possessor of either; and so of diamonds.

The history and nature of the gem are sure will deeply interest our fair readers, as it will inform them why the diamond is now so precious, and is likely to remain the gem *par excellence*.

That the "weak things of the world shall confound the wise," is well illustrated in the case of the "rarest gem of ray serene"—it requiring many savans and much time before it was definitely ascertained that the dazzling fop and the man who retailed charred wood could both be classed charcoal men; the stock of the one, and the ornaments of the other constituting the same simple substance under different circumstances, viz.: carbon; the one being crystalline, the former not. It had previously been discovered that diamonds could be burnt if intensely heated, a galvanic battery and also an oxygenated gas furnishing sufficient, each of these agents resolving it into carbonic acid gas, the product of pure charcoal when burnt, a proof of the homogeneity of the two.

Diamonds, having powers of transition, and into so easy and accessible a fluid, for carbonic acid gas is exhaled with our breath, inhaled with every decaying vapor, and contained in most animal and vegetable substances; it would naturally be supposed that they might be reformed from their constituent; and such is the case; but so poor are the manufactured articles, they have little or no commercial value, their formation requiring certain physical conditions unattainable by man.

Stones of first water are found in Hindostan in larger quantities than on any other part of the globe, though many are indigenous to Brazil, Borneo, Siberia, South Africa, and some of the islands of Australia. Those of an inferior quality are largely derived from the latter places. Few would take the trouble to "make a note of when found," or pick up the dull-appearing pebble of the third or octahedron form which is the presentment of the primitive crystal when mined from its earthly home on the mountain, or washed out of its river-bed.

The value of the uncut gem consists in color and size, the white or rather colorless outstanding; rose-colored, pea-green, pale-blue, light-yellow, and coal-black following in the order named. Size is measured by carats, four grains comprehending one of these vegetable nomenclature weights, each carat having a division of sixty-four parts.

To transform the putative pebble into the sunny solitaire, the delicate hand-operation of "cutting" is necessary, this being accomplished through the agency of *diamond dust*. Some is sprinkled on the stone to be manipulated in the path of a fine steel file, which grinds them together at different points separately, until the form of a model, constantly before the lapidary, is arrived at. Then the surface is polished with fine dust and oil mechanically. Europe excels in the art of cutting, Holland, Germany, Italy, and England achieving particular note on that account.

There are three general styles of cutting, called respectively the pyramidal or brilliant, the spherical or rose, and the plane or table. The pyramidal is the most popular and expensive, because it imposes greater waste, popular and expensive being synonyms when related to articles of virtu, but this is partly compensated by increased brilliancy, acquired from the larger refractive power it gives. Divested of its technical terms, the brilliant consists of a double cone, joined at the base, with both points cut off, one shorter than the other, and numerous facets ground on its sides.

The "rose" is similar to the above, with the exception of terminating in a broad base; the plane being merely a flat stone, with its corners and edges rounded into "faces."

After the diamond has successfully passed through the inflictions described, unless properly set, the time and labor devoted to its beautification are in a measure lost, an imitation or imperfect stone, finely set, appearing to better advantage than a "first water" gem ill-framed, unless closely compared.

Imitations of the diamond are numerous, some of a silicious compound inviting keen scrutiny even from experts, and none but these should attempt to purchase of other than reputable dealers, whose guarantee is reliable, otherwise a "rose" carat at half value may be found a California or paste "turnip" of double cost. No sure rule by which a novice can discover flaws or detect spuriousness can be stated, long experience and familiarity being the necessary requisites to familiarity, but to the connoisseur specific gravity, brightness and color are insignia of quality; illustrative of which a little incident that occurred in Brooklyn not long ago may not be out of place.

Two gentlemen were riding toward the ferry in an East New York car one morning, when the younger observed, sitting on an opposite seat, a mulatto, poorly attired, who illuminated the day dawn like carburetted sunlight in front of a theater; this effect it was found, when the eye, after awhile, had accustomed itself to the brightness, owed its origin to a huge gem reposing serenely upon his rather indifferent shirt bosom; a sort of sun in a mackerel sky, ominous in rhyme of a storm. Turning to his companion, a jeweler (with one or two "Is as the case may be," he laughingly remarked: "That is paste of the strongest consistency, I suppose."

"Well!" returned the jeweler, glancing sharply mackerel skyward, and speaking loud enough for his wearer to hear, "I'll give ten thousand dollars for it."

"I guess you will," retorted he; "I gave twelve thousand dollars for it."

Neither had seen the other before; nor had the diamond been known by the jeweler.

Of the stones of historical size, the potentates of Europe are possessors of most all, the following being the names of the more celebrated: The Sultan of Matan, 380 carats; the Regent, 135 carats; the Koh-i-noor, 186 carats; the Orloff, 195 carats; the Sancy, 54 carats. The last mentioned has survived adventures enough to merit the onslaught of a Southworth or a Cobb. Nurtured on the breast of a Charles the Bold of Burgundy, from him it passed to the Sancy's, and was christened. It next turns up among the crown jewels of France, assisting at the coronation of Louis the XIV. and Louis XV., and disappearing at the sack of the Tuilleries. Ferdinand VII., of Spain, afterward became its owner, his queen giving it to Godoy, Prince de la Paix, from whom it passed to several unimportant hands, until a vowed nabob, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, of Bombay, secured it by purchase for \$100,000.

Readers and Contributors.

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MANHOOD CAME BETWEEN.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

The banks on which in youth I strayed
Lie in the distance now;
How oft I watched the waves that played
While breezes fanned my brow.

"Was then, in youth's bright idle days,
I dreamed my future over?
Till on the hill the sun's last rays
Would gild both stream and shore.

My sunny days of youth I passed
Upon those banks so green;
Those days could not forever last,
For, manhood came between.

Though long from them I've been away,
My heart to them still clings;
Though far I've roamed I must say,
Much joy their memory brings.

In dreams, the banks and sturdy trees
Look as they did of yore;
The waves are stirred by every breeze,
And I am there once more!

But oh, not in my boyhood days,
Upon those banks so green;
To dream and watch the sun's last rays,
For, manhood came between!

A Beautiful Icicle.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

SIDNEY REDMAYNE leaned back in the comfortable chintz-covered rocking-chair that occupied a window in his bedroom, thinking what a confounded bore it was, and wondering where all the romance of summer boarding came in.

He had tried it from the first of June at farmer Pike's "boarding-house," where, besides himself, there were only two others, who had been driven from city heats and hard overwork by physicians' orders; a consumptive lawyer, the other a dropsical elderly lady, neither of whom afforded much entertainment.

To be sure, his conveniences were good, thoroughly enjoyable, and at first, for several weeks, he had been content to simply enjoy the novelty of fresh sea breezes, shady seats on a grassy sward, the shrill chirp of summer insects, and the light-day moonlight.

But now, the tenth of September, even the charm of home-made bread and sweet dairy butter had faded. He was tired of Mrs. Pike's delicious cooking, of Dolly Pike's desserts and her ruddy cheeks and black eyes, that had afforded quite an innocent diversion when he first cultivated them.

This morning, sitting in a weary state of extreme ennui, attired in a spotless suit of white linen, laundered in Dolly's best style, Mr. Sidney Redmayne was wondering what he should do with himself to kill time until the first of October, for he had solemnly promised not to return to the city and work a moment earlier.

He had regained even more than his usual strength and vitality; he looked well and handsome—he always did that—and he was so disgusted with laziness, rustication, the country in general, and with being so long away from the light of Ida Chester's eyes in particular.

And, come to get at the kernel of this nut, all the trouble was just here. Moonlight nights with Ida Chester on his arm as they rambled along the country side would be very much pleasanter than enjoyed alone on the little black piazza; or a row in the little canoe down the shady side of the brook, with Ida leaning over the side, dipping her pretty hand in the dimpling water—wouldn't that be the perfection of existence for a long, dreamy August afternoon?

And then, after fully half an hour's worth of such delightful thoughts, Sidney Redmayne sprang from his chintz-covered chair—designed originally for his invalidship—with almost an imprecation on his handsome mouth.

"What a consummate fool I am! wasting my time sitting here and dreaming of a girl whose aristocratic nose would instantly turn skyward at mention of my name!"

The only girl he ever saw who had occasioned him a second thought. A second thought! he had only thought of her once; one long, long bitter-sweet memory ever since the night he saw her, radiant and peerlessly beautiful in her matchless toilette of white lace, with dashes of lightest blue that contrasted so exquisitely with her fair complexion, her sea-shell-pink cheeks, her violet-hued eyes.

He had met her often, for, even in the very exclusive circles in which Ida Chester reigned supreme, Sidney Redmayne was a frequently solicited guest. His undoubted talent, his undisciplined elegance, his rapidly acquiring celebrity, made him very desirable, even in places where his lack of fortune would undoubtedly, otherwise, have been no means of admission.

So he met the beautiful, cold, placid girl time after time; found her always only a least particle friendly, even a little haughty, and worshipped her as a heathen does a bright, shining far-off star.

Not that he was not worthy of her; he was her equal in every thing save position and money; and so far things have very fairly turned out. His brilliant brain was rapidly winning him both; that in a few years he would stand where Mr. Chester had been years and years climbing.

Nor was it that to this wildly-worshipping lover of hers Ida Chester was less kind than to others. She was haughty and distant because it was her nature, and because circumstances—the circumstances of birth, breeding and immeasurable riches—had somehow forced her into it.

Several times she had thought, casually, of Sidney Redmayne's proud, handsome face—fully as stern and haughty as her own, only, unlike hers, it belied his nature, that was as sunny as a child's, and as gentle as a woman's, while, as we said, hers needed only some warning influences to melt it into one of perfect sweetness.

For this beautiful icicle, Sidney Redmayne was longing; for a touch of her hand, that sent his own pulse bounding so madly; for a bow of her queenly head, that blazened afresh the flame in his heart; and he decided, very sensibly that, after all, he would make one grand effort to shake himself free from the fetters that could only go back to the city, like a love-sick boy, to see even Ida Chester's fair face! I'll fight it out on this line, if it does take till the first of October! Hallo, Zip, where are you going?

It was the first opportunity that offered to begin his grand "shaking off" effort, and his inevitable fate appeared in the humble guise of Zip Pike, the farmer's son, who rode slowly past his window on a load of bags. He looked up to Sidney's window at sound of his name.

"Got a grist for the mill. Want a ride?" It would be a change, for an hour or so at any rate, from the morbidly unpleasant thoughts that had gotten pretty firm hold of him. Yes, he'd ride to the mill on a load of grist—he, who loved Miss Ida Chester, the belle of the *creme de la creme* of Murray Hill!

He seized his Panama and a silk umbrella—Sidney was very particular about his belongings, whether vegetating in the country or driving his modest little phaeton in Central

Park after office hours—and went down the low, broad stairs to the front piazza, where Zip had stopped his cart for Sidney's accommodation.

"Pretty hot in the sun, yet," he remarked, explanatorily, as he hoisted his "Paragon Frame."

"Middlin'; a fine breeze, though, after the heavy rain. I reckon old Sandycroft's in high glee if the mill-stream's riz."

"Sandycroft? Sandycroft! That outlandish name sounds somewhat familiar, it seems. Is Sandycroft the miller?"

"He's the miller, and a right down smart one. His folks is the primist people hereabouts, specially Mirandy."

Sidney smiled at the brown blush that rushed to the honest young fellow's face—this yeoman in love with a country lass, whose course of affection ran as if on satin. For a moment, Sidney wished Ida Chester were the miller's daughter, and he the farmer's son. Zip's friendly gossip put to flight any little train of thought Sidney was meditating.

"Mirandy's purty as a picter, in my notion, though there's enough 'd think the gal a-board-in' there 'd beat her. That there boarder is a stunner, though!"

Sidney was leaning comfortably, if not gracefully against a bag of grist, with half-closed eyes, listening dreamily to Zip's talk, and the droning of the bees as they flew by, or the chirp of the locusts, and, as they drew nearer, the music of the mill, and the swish of the water as the monster wheel made its evolutions.

A boarder had the Sandycrofts? He hoped she wasn't as disgusted as he was. He wished her no worse luck.

"A reg'lar stunner, you know," went on Zip, confidentially. "Mirandy says as how she comes right down in the kitchen and helps right and left. Makes pies and cakes—"

"She must be a 'stunner' to make pizen cakes," remarked Sidney, dryly. "Who eats them?"

But Zip failed to appreciate the little fun, and answered in good faith:

"All of 'em, and proper good they air, too. She's give lots o' recipes to Mirandy, you know, and shows her how to fix up her ribbons and things real city style, I tell you."

"She is a godsend, truly."

"She's not very good-lookin', if that's what yer drivin' at; leastwise, I don't admire yellowish hair and chany-blue eyes. Mirandy's snappin' black ones sink me."

Sidney smiled languidly. "Yellowish hair and chany-blue eyes!" Horrors! why could Lip not have called it "pale gold floss, and eyes the hue of the wood violet?" that could have meant Ida Chester! Then it occurred to him that Zip, unlike a great many other people, called things by their plain, unvarnished names.

"Here we be! You'll stretch your legs for a minute, Mr. Redmayne, while we unload?"

And Sidney sprang down to the grassy turf in front of a shady, fairy spot, where half-a-dozen youngsters stood and stared at him, and a baby in some one's arms raised a yell at the intruder.

He glanced carelessly around at the charmingly fair scene of wood and lawn that bordered the mill-stream; at the low stone cottage, overrun with vines, at the "snappin' black eyes" of "Mirandy," as she came to take the squalling young-one; and then, casually, at the young, girlish woman who had been holding it.

And he saw, in a blue chintz wrapper, and a white apron—Ida Chester!

Her queenly head, with its glory of yellowish hair, was slightly averted; she had not seen him; but what a thrill of exquisite joy danced through every vein of his frame. He walked up to her.

"Miss Chester, I am delighted! and we have been neighbors so long, and I did not know it. He extended his hand and looked at her said, and moved from his ardent eyes.

She never blushed even, but a quick glow of satisfaction was in her eyes as she smiled and gave him her hand.

"I have been *wiring*, Mr. Redmayne, this summer."

"Then, like myself, you feel what a sham society and its demands are, Miss Chester, if—"

He checked the words on his tongue's end, but I think a sudden revelation came to Ida Chester with the hesitation in his speech, the mute eloquence of his eyes.

"It seems so strange," he said, an hour afterward, when, better and closer friends, as they sat on the bench, under the chestnut tree, that several seasons had left them; "it seems to be too good to be true, that you are here. It seems incredible that you, and Ida Chester in diamonds and laces, are the same person."

She flushed a little, now.

"Every one misjudges me," she returned. "When we are in Rome, we must do as Romans do. When we can leave it behind us, it is a luxury to follow one's natural bent."

Then you are not proud, and stern, and unapproachable, and haughty, and—

"Oh, Mr. Redmayne! am I such a sinner in your eyes?"

She laughed as she spoke—such music, from her, he never had dreamed among the possibilities.

"You were; you are not now. I thank God I was mistaken."

He spoke so eagerly, so reverently, that his meaning must have occurred to her.

"Shall I show you our Niagara?" she said, rising hastily, but with a rare sweetness on her face, in her eyes, her language.

He went with her as in a dream of intoxicating bliss; and when he said good-by, and asked if he might come again, and heard her say yes, and suddenly avert her eyes—oh! Sidney Redmayne suddenly changed his mind about the country in general, and this vicinity in particular. And somehow, both he and Miss Chester thought the autumn, the gorgeous frosty autumn, too beautiful to miss seeing, so they stayed and rambled, and rode, and loved!

And to-day, after years of married life, Sidney and Ida go regularly every summer to farmer Pike's; and the only difference between these later summers and that one, is, Mrs. Chester is obliged to run in often to renew her charges to the nurse-girl regarding Master Sidney, Jr.!

Gentleman George:

OR,
PARLOR, PRISON, STAGE AND STREET.

A STRANGE ROMANCE OF NEW YORK LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN-FROM-TEXAS," "SAD DETECTIVE," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOY," "WOLF DEMON," "OVER LAND KIT," "RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JEMMISON ON THE SCENT.

SATURDAY evening at half-past seven; the crowd besieging the box-office at Niblo's Garden plainly indicated that there would be an

excellent audience present that night to receive the charming Miss Ellen Desmond.

The manager as usual was hovering about the entrance, and the indefatigable Mr. Medham posted by the ticket-taker, was mentally calculating how much money there would be in the "house" that night.

By one of those lucky chances which sometimes occur in this life, Neil Jemmison, passing into the theater, came face to face with the manager, and the thought occurred that from that jovial personage he might learn something respecting the woman whose face had produced such an effect upon him. Possibly if Jemmison had not been brought face to face with the manager, he would never have thought of cross-examining him.

"How do you do?" said Jemmison, halting, and extending his hand.

"Glad to see you!" exclaimed the stranger, almost at the same time, and then he shook Jemmison's hand cordially.

"How is business with you?"

"Oh, excellent; look at them coming in!"

"Miss Desmond is attractive then?"

"Oh, yes; she has been doing splendidly."

"So I judged; I have attended three or four times myself."

"Yes, I saw you the other night."

"By the way, where does Miss Desmond come from?" Jemmison asked, carelessly. "Is she an English actress?"

"Oh, no, American; she has been playing in the West for some time—three or four years, I believe."

"I do not remember ever hearing of her before," Jemmison remarked.

"She made no reputation to speak of; this engagement is really the beginning of her career. But, how do you like her?"

"Very well, indeed."

"She is very pretty."

"Yes, magnificent hair."

"Perfectly splendid!" responded the manager.

"Very long, too, and so very black."

"Black!" cried the worthy manager, in astonishment.

"Yes, black of course."

"But her hair isn't black!"

"No? Jemmison assumed to be surprised; why, it looks black from the front of the house. It's a dark brown then, I presume."

"Neither black nor brown; it's a most beautiful gold-color—a tawny yellow."

Now, Jemmison was really surprised.

"She has light hair?"

"Yes, she wears a wig in this piece."

Jemmison had noticed the yellow hair when the actress had passed him in front of the *Maison Dorée*, but at once had come to the conclusion that it was not her own.

"I did not think of that," Jemmison confessed.

"Most beautiful golden hair!" the manager repeated.

During this conversation the two had withdrawn to one side so as to get out of the way of the human life-current that was streaming into the theater.

"In fact," continued the manager, "she is about as pretty a woman as I have seen in a long while. That's one reason why she draws, you know; there's nothing like beauty and talent combined. It was just an accident that I happened to get her here. I was going to do a new show-piece and found out that I couldn't get it ready in time. I had about two weeks open, and nothing that was sure to draw to put in. I had considerable correspondence with this lady's business manager, a Mr. Medham—deuced smart fellow, by the way; knows what the people want—and had made up my mind to give the lady a trial on the first favorable opportunity, so I engaged her for the two weeks, but I think that she is safe to play six or eight."

What the manager spoke of the actress' business agent the idea flashed at once into Jemmison's head that possibly from her own business manager he could procure the information he wished.

"Medham," Jemmison said, reflectively; "that name sounds familiar to me. Is he one of our New York men?"

"No, I think not; he's been around New York a great deal though. He's a theatrical speculator."

"Probably I know him; the name is very familiar."

"There he is now."

The manager pointed out Medham, who, standing by the door-tender, caressing his fat chin, seemed the very picture of happiness. The steady inflow of paying patrons delighted the soul of the lady's business manager.

Jemmison took a good look at Mr. Medham, then shook his head.

"No, I was wrong; I don't know him," he had to confess.

"Shall I call him over and introduce you?" the manager asked. "If you feel at all curious about Miss Desmond he can tell you all about her. He discovered her somewhere out West playing in some little traveling company, I believe. In fact he has made her what she is. Her talent wouldn't amount to much without his advertising skill to make it known. He's smart as a steel-trap—a regular Massachusetts Yankee."

"Yes; I really think I should like to know him," Jemmison replied.

Just at that moment the manager happened to catch Medham's eye and beckoned for him. When Medham approached, the manager introduced him to Jemmison, and then, begging to be excused, withdrew to his private office.

"Likely to be a large audience in attendance this evening," Neil remarked.

Rubbing his hands together briskly, Medham replied, with an air of intense satisfaction, that the audience promised to be the largest of the week.

Then Jemmison came at once to the subject which formed the attraction of the audience, the young and pretty actress.

Medham was in no way averse to conversing about her, but his conversation only tended to her talents as an actress—the great success she was meeting with, and how worthy she was of such triumphs.

Jemmison, keen and subtle student of human nature, perceived, after about five minutes conversation, that the business-manager was no fool, and that he was not to be put through the process of "pumping" with impunity.

Of Miss Ellen Desmond the actress he spoke freely and frankly, but of Miss Desmond off the stage and in private life he was strangely reserved.

Jemmison quickly comprehended that to gain the information he wanted, he must pursue some other plan than to attempt to extract it from the shrewd business-manager by any series of deftly-put questions. So, deciding upon a plan of operations, he proceeded to carry it out.

When the curtain rose, Jemmison and Medham in company repaired to the auditorium. The eyes of the business-manager sparkled with delight as he gazed upon the well-filled house.

Together the two watched the progress of the play; together, between the acts, they sought the saloon of the Metropolitan Hotel, where Jemmison ordered a bottle of champagne, much to Medham's astonishment, who

at once set his new-made acquaintance down as being a "full-blinded white man."

Jemmison insisted upon paying for every thing, and at the end of the fourth act it was with regret that Medham felt obliged to excuse himself to Jemmison and explain that he had to visit the box-office to "count up the house," and thereby ascertain how much money was due to Miss Desmond as her share of the proceeds of the night.

Jemmison simply asked how soon he would be at liberty, and on Medham replying that it would only take thirty minutes or so, said that he would wait for him, and suggested that as they had commenced they might as well make a night of it, to which the business-manager gravely assented.

It was not often that Mr. Almer Medham ran across an acquaintance who insisted upon standing champagne of the best brands at every "round."

Medham generally rode home with the actress, but he knew how he could arrange that matter.

Jemmison smiled grimly to himself as he reflected that soon the secret would be revealed to him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"WINE WORKS WONDERS."

Just a minute or two before the curtain descended, thereby indicating that the play had ended, Medham came forth from the box-office and rejoined Jemmison.

"It will be over in a minute or so," the business-manager said, referring to the play. "Just wait for me in the saloon. I shall have to explain to Miss Desmond that I have an engagement. I usually escort her home. It won't detain me over ten minutes."

"Don't hurry yourself on my account," Jemmison remarked; "I'll wait."

Then Medham proceeded at once to the stage-door, leaving Jemmison to witness the closing scene of the play.

Finally the curtain descended, and Medham, encountering the tired actress at the "wing," escorted her to her dressing-room.

"A splendid house," she said, as she sunk down, exhausted, in a chair, while the burly negress proceeded to remove the raven-hued wig.

"Yes, a little over fifteen hundred dollars!" Medham exclaimed, jubilantly.

"And how much for the week?"

"Forty-five hundred and sixty-three dollars."

"And we share after three thousand."

"Yes, our share is fifteen hundred and thirty-one dollars and fifty cents."

"That is something like a share!" Miss Desmond exclaimed, exultingly.

"I bet ye," the business-manager replied, tersely; "a little different from the one-horse towns that we used to figure in, where we were lucky if we got enough to pay our board and printing bill and fare to the next town."

"What is our expense for the week?"

"Only about three hundred dollars; it only cost about two-fifty to advertise, and I think I did the thing up brown, too." With great satisfaction Mr. Medham indulged in this observation.

"We have made six hundred apiece, then, by the week," the actress said, thoughtfully.

"Quite correct!" Medham replied. "A very tidy little sum; and Zimmerman—he's the treasurer, you know—told me when we settled up to-night that he felt confident we would do fully as well, if not better, next week."

"Why, if this business continues we shall make a small fortune out of this engagement!" the actress exclaimed, and there was a strange sparkle and gleam in her eyes as she spoke.

"Oh, yes; but, my dear, I am sorry to say that there is only one New York in this country; still, after this triumph we shall be able to demand better terms from the western managers, and perhaps pick up a few ducats out there in the fall. If we can get Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, Baltimore and Pittsburgh, we are pretty safe for about three thousand dollars; the rest of the towns don't amount to much for us."

"Oh, yes, if our business only holds here. Boston and Philadelphia, too, will be good for us if we can get time at the right theaters. A New York success sweeps the country."

The business manager felt extremely jubilant. Never before in his career had he carried off fifteen hundred dollars from the box-office on a Saturday night.

"Here's the six hundred for you, Nelly," he continued, drawing a huge roll of bills from his pocket and placing it on the dressing-table before the woman. "I want you to excuse me from seeing you home to-night. I want to go off and celebrate after the week's brilliant success."

"Very well; just as you please," Miss Desmond said, carelessly. "Did you notice that Mr. Bruyn is in the box again to-night?"

"Yes; I saw the Judge when he came in. By the way, he asked me to inform you that he should be pleased to call upon you if it was agreeable."

The eyes of the actress snapped, and the little white teeth came together for a moment with a savage clink as the points met. The look upon the face of the woman was a strange combination of rage and triumph blended.

It was a minute or so before she spoke.

"Well," she said, at length, "I suppose that there is no harm in my receiving the gentleman."

"Not the slightest!" Medham exclaimed, abruptly. "I tell you what it is, Neil, you've got the Judge foul. If you have a mind to play for it, you can win a position that will make half of old Bruyn's female friends turn pale with envy. The Judge is in dead earnest. He's no light-headed fool like these young dandies who sit in the front seats and try to attract your attention by flinging bouquets at you. I tell you, what, Nell, to marry the Judge would be the biggest kind of a star engagement."

"And do you really think that he would marry me?" the actress demanded, seriously.

"Why not? He's evidently 'struck' by you, to use the common term."

"But he is very rich, they say."

"What of that?" exclaimed Medham, contemptuously; "he'll not be the first man to charm a pretty woman by the offer of a golden cage. 'Go for him, Nelly! From what I have seen of the Judge, and from the way he speaks of you, I'll bet ten to one that you catch him!'"

"Well, I'll see," she said, with evident thoughtfulness.

"By, by, I'm off. If I happen to meet the Judge, I'll bring him up to-morrow afternoon." And then Medham withdrew and hastened to the saloon, where he had promised to meet Jemmison.

The business-manager had discovered that gentlemen smoking at the door on Broadway.

After Medham had apologized to Jemmison for keeping him waiting so long, and Jemmison had begged him not to mention it, Medham suggested some champagne to commence on, to which Jemmison had replied that he had already ordered supper in the adjoining restaurant, and that the champagne was in the ice.

At this announcement, Medham came at

once to the conclusion that the dark-eyed stranger was a prince in disguise, and then he suddenly remembered what the manager had told him about Jemmison being the heir to a gold-mine, and ceased to wonder at his liberality.

To the restaurant the two adjourned, and soon the supper was placed upon the table.

A thorough judge of the good things of this world, Jemmison had taxed to their utmost the resources of the establishment. And Medham, who, during his checkered career had trodden every round of the ladder of fortune from the foot to the top, had fully learned to appreciate the delicacies of the table, devoured the viands with great gusto. The wine, too, was excellent, and by the time supper was eaten, the two had got to the second bottle, and Medham felt supremely contented with himself and all the world.

Jemmison while playing the part of a courteous host still kept a wary eye upon his guest, and at length cautiously broached the subject.

"I have been very much pleased with Miss Desmond," he said, carelessly, after he had listened to Medham's praise of the lady's talent; "and her face seems so familiar to me that I feel sure I have met her before."

"Seen her act somewhere

that there was a wide difference between Judge Bruyn and Neil Jemison—and he might also have added with truth, between Almer Medham at midnight with two bottles of Champagne under his jacket, and the same gentleman at noon with a slight headache and perfectly innocent of sense-bewildering drink. To Jemison he had frankly revealed all he knew concerning the actress, even his own opinion regarding her age, but to the Judge he was as dumb as an oyster.

And innocent and artless Mr. Medham never betrayed by a word or look that he was perfectly conscious he was undergoing the legal operation known as a cross-examination.

The Judge, able and skillful as he certainly was, had his labor for his pains, and therefore alighted at the door of Miss Desmond's house no wiser in regard to her than when, three hours before, he had driven with Medham up Broadway.

Miss Desmond, dressed as usual very plainly, but in such becoming garments that they seemed to enhance her beauty, received the Judge with a blush and a smile. Gracefully and charmingly she begged his pardon for receiving him in house attire, but added in her innocent, child-like way that she had no visitors except Mr. Medham, and he was used to her simple dress.

The Judge, old, cautious man of the world as he was, well versed in all the tricks of humanity, was caught by the frank simplicity of the actress. She possessed far more natural abilities in the acting line than he gave her credit for, and she did not always need the stage of the theater to display them.

Bruyn never thought of the trite adage that a woman is never so dangerous as when she seems to be most helpless.

After a few minutes' conversation upon the common subjects of the weather, Miss Desmond's success, and the prospects for the future, Mr. Medham begged to be excused for twenty or thirty minutes, as he had some business letters to write in reference to Miss Desmond's future engagements, and asked the lady's permission to use her pen and ink and turn the dining-room into an office.

Miss Desmond smilingly gave the desired permission, and called to the negro to get Mr. Medham what he wanted.

After Medham withdrew, promising as he did so that he would not be long, the Judge noticed a Sunday newspaper lying upon the table, and as he gazed at it, again the bold headline, "Gentleman George!" caught his eye.

Carelessly he picked the paper up and read the name aloud, and as he did so, closely watched the face of the actress. Not a muscle moved. The face, calm and white, might have been carved out of marble for all the emotion that it betrayed when the felon's name was pronounced.

"A strange name, Miss Desmond?" the Judge remarked.

"Yes, very strange," she returned, and as she spoke she darted a quick glance at the Judge from her long dark eye-lashes—so quick that even the sharp eyes of Bruyn did not detect it. "Have you read the particulars of the case?" he asked; and, despite his effort to appear careless and unconcerned, the legal sharpness of the lawyer was plainly apparent.

Again came the short, quick glance from under the long, dark lashes. The man skilled in the law was no match for the sharp-eyed woman of the world. His face betrayed the secret that hers preserved.

"Yes, I am quite interested in his case—to use your legal term," she replied. Her face as calm and her voice as firm as if it was the most natural thing in the world for her to be interested in the career of a society brigand.

The Judge's face fully revealed the astonishment that he felt at this candid confession.

"I really cannot understand why you should take any interest in the life or death of any such fellow as this Dominick," he said.

"Why, I know him," she answered, innocently.

"Yes, I became acquainted with him about a year ago. He stopped at the same hotel that I did. It was in a little town out west. He seemed to be very much of a gentleman and helped me a great deal; I was just struggling along then. He said that he was connected with the New York press and promised to aid me to get an engagement here. Then he went away suddenly and I never saw or heard of him again until I received a letter, telling me that he was in the Tombs and asking me to visit him."

"And did you go?" The Judge put the question adroitly, considering that he knew that she had gone.

"Yes, he wished me to assist him if I could do so, and said that his arrest was all a scheme of some personal enemies to ruin him."

"Don't you believe it, Miss Desmond?" exclaimed the Judge decidedly. "He is a thorough scoundrel, I know it as a fact."

"In that case, then, I will not take any more notice of him," the actress said, quite promptly.

The Judge smiled; he imagined that he had "made his game."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 196.)

"Doin' Their Dooty."

BY EBBE E. REXFORD.

"Who's that a-comin' up the road, Betsey Jane? I swan, it looks jest like Miss Wood's old green calash."

Mrs. Deacon Pepperridge called to her daughter from the kitchen. Betsey Jane was sweeping out the sitting-room, and could command a better view of the road than her mother could.

"It's Miss Wood," answered Betsey Jane, after taking a look out of the window.

"I swan!" exclaimed Mrs. Pepperridge, coming into the sitting-room. "I'd rather 'a' seen the old feller himself a-comin' here than that woman. She'll stay an' stay, an' I dunno as she'd ever go away of you urged her hard enough. She's got some tattlin' started, you may jest bet. Don't she look horrid in that old bunnet! Old as the hills! I can jest remember when it was new, an' that's all."

At this juncture Mrs. Wood knocked at the front door.

"Run an' open it, Betsey Jane," said Mrs. Pepperridge, in a tone of resignation. "Sense she's here, we've got to make the best of it."

Betsey Jane went to the door and admitted Mrs. Wood.

"Why, good-mornin'!" exclaimed Mrs. Pepperridge, with great effusion, and delight beaming all over her face. "How do ye do, Miss Wood? It's been a dog's age sence ye were here. I didn't know as ye ever meant to cum ag'in. Folks all well to hum, I s'pose, or ye wouldn't 'a' been here."

"Yes, to'ble, thank ye," answered Mrs. Wood. "Josiah, he's got the rheumatism perty snug but he's a-gittin' better now."

"Take off yer things an' set down in this rockin'-cheer," said Mrs. Pepperridge. "I declare, Miss Wood, ef you don't beat all to keep yer things a-lookin' es ef they was bran new. As I was jest a-tellin' Betsey Jane, yer bunnet don't look secerly any diff'rent than it did

when you fust got it. Them ruffles an' these gethers here is really right in fash'n. Take her things, Betsey Jane, an' put 'em where the flies won't get on 'em."

"Beautiful mornin'," said Mrs. Wood, producing her snuff-box. "Hev a pinch, Miss Pepperridge?"

"Wal, I don't care ef I du," answered Mrs. Pepperridge, inserting her fingers in the proffered box. "The deakin, he don't like to hev me use snuff, but I du on't in awhile. You allus hev the best kind, Miss Wood. 'Tain't much like Malviny Jones's. I can't go lers, no-way."

"I give a dollar a pound fer mine down to Perkins' grocery," answered Mrs. Wood, complacently. "I can't like Malviny's, nuther. It's so kinder strong, someway—seems to pucker my nostrils all up."

"What's the news?" asked Mrs. Pepperridge, producing her knitting-work, and sitting down for a good talk.

"Oh, nothin' in pertickler," answered Mrs. Wood. "I s'pose, tho', you've heard the stories that's round about that Miss Dallas, that's livin' in the widder Jackson's house this summer?"

"Not a word," answered Mrs. Pepperridge. "Du tell me about it, Miss Wood. I hain't heard any thing about what's goin' on in the neighborhood."

"Why, you see," began Mrs. Wood, knitting around to her "seam-needle," and then laying down to work, in order to do full justice to the story; "you see, this Miss Dallas, she's a married woman, an' Mr. Dallas, he's quite along in years. Much as fifty-five, or sich a matter. Wal, he stays with her till Sat'day afternoons, and then he goes to the city, an' stays till Monday mornin' reglar, every week. Now Seth Jones, he tells me, an' so does Mirandy Mallory, an' she ought to know, livin' jest across the road from the Widder Jackson's house, that every Sat'day night, after Mr. Dallas has gone to the city, a young feller comes out on the last train, an' visits Miss Dallas. Mirandy ses she's seen him kissin' her morn' once, an' that they walk up an' down the garding as lovin' as ye please, an' as bold as brass, arm in arm. An' every Sunday night he goes back to the city, an' the belief is, among folks that order to be capable of jestin', that she ain't sich a woman as she order to be. Mr. Dallas appears to be an awful nice man, an' he order know jest how his wife carries on when he's gone, but I wouldn't want to tell him. He's prob'ly been deceived in her. Most likely she married him 'cause he'd lots o' money, or somethin' like that. I feel sorry for him, I declare."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Mrs. Pepperridge. "I never heard a word on't before, not a syllabul! An' nobody's s'ed a word to her husband about it? I should s'pose somebody'd feel it their duty to. Prob'ly he thinks she's jest what she order to be. It's a shame to let him be deceived in that way, I think."

"That's what I told Josiah," said Mrs. Wood. "But land! Josiah sed 'twan't none o' my business, an' I'd better keep my nose out of it. Thank goodness, I don't meddle with anybody's business, but I du like to see things conducted decent."

"So du I," agreed Mrs. Pepperridge.

"An' oh! I forgot part on't," exclaimed Mrs. Wood, suddenly. "Joe Mallory, he was goin' by the Jackson house one night, Sat'day. I b'lieve, anyway it don't make any difference when 'twas, an' he found a piece of writin'—paper all scribbled over, an' he picked it up an' brought it hum, an' give it to his mother, an' would you b'lieve it, Miss Pepperridge? It's a letter to this feller, I s'pose, any way some feller to come an' see her while her husband's gone? Yes, Miss Pepperridge, it's true, for I've seen the letter myself; I wouldn't 'a' b'lieved it, ef I hadn't."

"The land sakes!" Mrs. Pepperridge lifted her hands in amazement. "I think it's a right up-an'-down shame to hev sich scandalous proceedin's goin' on in the neighborhood, right under our face and eyes, an' not say a word about it to the poor, deceived husband. Jest imagine how you'd feel, Miss Wood, if Josiah was a-runnin' off to see some other woman every time your back was turned, an' the neighbors suddenly! I s'pose, any way, I feel as if there was a duty to du, in sich cases."

"An' so du I," answered Mrs. Wood.

"Why, is that you Mirandy Mallory? Cum in. Miss Wood an' I was jest talkin' about that Miss Dallas, an' her carryin' on, an' I was so busy that I did not hear you knock, till Miss Wood spoke on't. Take a cheer, an' lay off yer things."

Mrs. Mallory accepted the chair, and removed her shawl and bonnet. And then the conversation regarding that "awful Miss Dallas" had to be gone over with. These three women were the representative gossipers of Kent's Corners, and could keep as much mischief going as any dozen common women.

Before they separated, it was decided that it was their "duty" to inform Mr. Dallas of his wife's reprehensible conduct, and Mrs. Deacon Pepperridge was selected as the proper woman to perform that delicate mission.

Accordingly the next Saturday, when Mr. Dallas started for the train to bear him cityward, Mrs. Deacon Pepperridge, who had been watching his residence from Mrs. Mallory's, sent little Joe Mallory out to intercept the gentleman and bring him in.

Wondering what could be wanted of him, he followed Joe into the house, and Mrs. Pepperridge, with a due sense of her "duty," began her story at once, and informed him what the neighbors had seen, and ended by proffering her sympathy to him in his time of trouble.

"So say wife meets another man, every time I'm gone, does she?" he said, with a peculiar twinkle in his eyes. "I must ask her about it. Please come over, ladies, and we'll see what she has to say for herself."

Mrs. Pepperridge and Mrs. Mallory accompanied Mr. Dallas back to his house. Mrs. Dallas looked very much surprised to see them. "These ladies tell me that you are in the habit of receiving visits from a young man every time I am gone, and say that they have seen him kiss you. I thought I'd ask you about it, because if you are my wife, and they say you are, I don't want young men kissing you."

"We've got a letter you wrote to him, telling him to come," said Mrs. Mallory; "you needn't deny it."

"I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about," said Mrs. Dallas. "Do you?" to Mr. Dallas.

"I think I do," he answered, a sly twinkle of fun in his eyes. "Ladies, you've made an awful mistake. You thought I was her husband; I'm her father-in-law, and I go into town to church over Sunday, and my son, her husband, comes out and stays till Sunday night. That's the whole of it. I'm much obliged to you for your sympathy, but I don't bel in need of it, just at present."

"I know what they have got hold of, regarding a letter," laughed Mrs. Dallas. "I lost a page of manuscript, from one of my stories. It must have blown out of the window, and some one found it. Dear! dear! Isn't it rich! I must write it up. It will make a capital story

for a sketch. To think they thought you were my husband!" and the lady laughed till she cried.

Mrs. Mallory and Mrs. Pepperridge withdrew somewhat discomfited, but feeling that they had done their "duty."

And this is the true record of the last sensation in Kent's Corners.

RED ARROW. THE WOLF DEMON; OR, The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.
AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "OVERLAND KID," "RED NAZEPPE," "AGE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII. THE FIGHT UNTO THE DEATH.

THE TWO SCOUTS looked upon the blood-stained cap with horror.

"The blood is fresh, too!" cried Boone. "Lark must have been killed by this monster immediately after we missed him in the thicket."

"It looks like it," said Kenton, solemnly. "Let us look for the body."

But as they were about to commence their search, the sound of footfalls approaching through the wood fell upon their ears.

"Hush!" cried Boone, grasping Kenton by the arm as he spoke; "do you hear that?"

"It's some one coming through the wood."

"Yes, and hyer all comers are enemies and not friends; let's to cover," said Boone.

A second after the two woodmen were snugly concealed in the bushes.

The steps came nearer and nearer, and then, through the gloom of the night, the watching eyes of the two saw the fearful form of the terrible Wolf Demon approaching.

He walked not now with stealthy tread but his step was heavy and slow. His head was bent down, low upon his breast. Slowly he came on, passed by the ambush of the scouts, then crossed the moonlit glade and entered the thicket on the opposite side. He was bending his steps in the direction of the Indian village of Chillicothe.

Hardly had the awful form disappeared within the gloom of the forest when Boone grasped Kenton nervously by the shoulder.

"Kenton," he said, in a hoarse whisper, "let us not search for the body of our friend, whom this awful thing has killed, but revenge his death."

"I'm with you, tooth and nail," replied Kenton firmly.

"Let's follow this thing, then."

"Go it," said Kenton, tersely.

Then the woodmen, with caution, followed in the path of the Wolf Demon.

The Demon proceeded direct to the Indian village.

The woodmen were guided in their course by the noise of his footsteps.

Suddenly the sound of the steps ceased. Boone and Kenton crept forward with increased caution.

A few rods on and they found themselves on the edge of the timber, and in full view of the Indian village.

The Wolf Demon was not to be seen!

The scouts then guessed the reason why the sounds of the Wolf Demon's tread had ceased so suddenly. The Demon had entered the village in search of prey.

The path that the two had followed entered the village close by the river's bank.

It was plain to Boone that the Wolf Demon had selected the same road into the Indian village that he, Boone, had taken in escaping from it.

"We're treed," said Boone, as they reached the edge of the timber and perceived that they could proceed no further in their pursuit without danger of their being discovered by the Redskins.

A full stopper," said Boone, thoughtfully. "It's a trap like it," Kenton replied.

"S'pose we wait hyer for the varmint? Ef he went into the village this way, it's likely that he'll come out the same path."

"That's true."

"Yes, as preachin'! I don't know as we kin damage the critter," said Boone, thoughtfully. "We hain't got no silver bullets, and I've heerd say that it takes a silver bullet to stop a spook."

"We kin try," said Kenton, decidedly.

"Right close by hooker! Give us your paw, Sim; we'll stick by each other in this."

"Yes, to death," answered Kenton.

A firm grip of hands sealed the compact. Then the two again concealed themselves in the bushes.

They watched and they waited.

In the Indian village, Ke-ne-ha-ha, the great Shawnee chieftain, sat in the gloom of his wigwam.

The little fire that burned in the center of the lodge cast a baleful light over the dusky face of the warrior.

Dark and full of sorrow were the thoughts of the chieftain.

He saw again the death-scene of the Red Arrow; heard her shriek for mercy, and then beheld the warm life-blood gushing, free, from her young veins. Amid the smoke and flames, she died. Like the Roman father, he had given to the death his own flesh and blood. And that deed had brought upon his nation the terrible scourge of the Wolf Demon.

Who might the brood of Ke-ne-ha-ha look dark as the thunder-cloud when he thought of the past. And in the future he saw no ray of light. He had little hope that the White Dog would succeed in his mission and kill the terrible foe.

As he was brooding over these gloomy thoughts, his daughter, Le-a-pah, entered the wigwam.

"May the White Dog speak with the chief?" the girl asked.

"Let the brave enter," Ke-ne-ha-ha replied. "Well might the brood of Ke-ne-ha-ha look dark as the thunder-cloud when he thought of the death of the Wolf Demon?"

A second more and the warrior stood before him. The girl remained, discreetly, at the door of the lodge.

"Well?" questioned the chief.

"The White Dog sought the Wolf Demon in the forest, fought him hand to hand, but the Shawnee brave fell beneath his foot; the tomahawk was raised to strike, when Le-a-pah bounded from the wood and the Wolf Demon held his arm and fled from her like the night flies from the dawn."

Ke-ne-ha-ha listened, in amazement.

"The warrior has failed," he said, slowly. "Manitou did not will that he should kill the Wolf Demon," replied the young brave.

"The brave has tried, and the Shawnee chief will keep his word. Le-a-pah!"

The maiden came at his call.

The chief gave her to the embrace of the young warrior.

"You are both my children—go." But no

gleam of joy lighted up Ke-ne-ha-ha's stern face as he gave his daughter into the arms of her lover. The living Wolf Demon cast a mantle of gloom over his brain.

The brave and the girl withdrew from the lodge. The manner of the chieftain forbade further words.

Left alone, Ke-ne-ha-ha strode up and down the narrow confines of the wigwam in sullen thought.

"Oh, that my life might save my people from this terrible scourge!" he murmured, with clenched teeth. "For the two lives, he has taken twelve. How many more of my nation must fall by the tomahawk of the Wolf Demon ere his taste for Shawnee blood will be satisfied?"

"One!" responded a deep voice.

Ke-ne-ha-ha turned, his blood chilled to ice with horror.

His eyes looked upon the terrible form of the Wolf Demon standing in the doorway of the wigwam. In the hand of the Demon shone the deadly tomahawk.

Ke-ne-ha-ha gazed with staring eyes upon the terrible figure.

"Let the chief prepare to die. He is the last of the Shawnee," cried the deep voice.

With an effort, Ke-ne-ha-ha roused himself from the spell of terror that the appearance of the dreaded Wolf Demon had cast around him.

With a sudden bound, he seized his tomahawk, that had been carelessly cast upon the floor of the wigwam.

The Wolf Demon made no effort to prevent the chief from possessing himself of the weapon.

Tomahawk in hand, the foe faced each other.

Slowly they moved around the narrow circle of the wigwam, watching each other with wary eyes, each seeking an unguarded opening for an attack.

Three times they made the circle of the lodge, the little fire, with its glimmering light, revealing their movements to each other.

Then with a spring, like unto the panther's in quickness, and in force, the Wolf Demon leaped upon the Shawnee chief.

Ke-ne-ha-ha did not seek to parry the attack; but nimbly he evaded it by springing to one side.

The tomahawk of the Wolf Demon spent its force upon the air; and as he passed, the wily Indian dealt him a terrible stroke upon the head, that cut in deep through the wolf-skin, and felled him heavily to the earth.

A hoarse note of triumph came from the lips of the chief as he beheld the downfall of his foe. But his joy was of short duration, for, like the ancient god of the fable that gathered strength from being cast to earth, the Wolf Demon rose to his feet. The shock of the fall had torn the tomahawk from his hand, but he did not seek to regain the weapon.

With naked hands—weaponless—he faced the Shawnee chief. The blood streaming down freely over his face—over the black and white pigments with which it was painted in horrid fashion—made him look like an evil spirit fresh from the fires below.

His eyes shot lurid flames as he glared upon the Shawnee warrior.

Ke-ne-ha-ha grasped his tomahawk with desperate energy and waited for the attack of the unarmed foe.

The Shawnee chieftain did not have long to wait.

With the spring of a tiger the Wolf Demon leaped upon the Indian.

Desperately Ke-ne-ha-ha struck at him with the tomahawk, but the Wolf Demon warded off the blows, with his arm, and despite the efforts of the chief to prevent it, he closed in with him.

Sinewy and supple was the Shawnee warrior, yet he was but as a child in the powerful grasp of his terrible foe.

The Wolf Demon held him in a grip of iron. His arms, linked round the Indian like bands of steel, were crushing the life out of him little by little.

Vainly Ke-ne-ha-ha struggled to free himself from the anconoid coil.

Like the serpent of far-off India, wreathing its huge length around its prey, the Wolf Demon held the Shawnee chieftain in his grip.

The breath of the Indian came thick and hard.

Up and down in the narrow confines of the wigwam swayed the contending foes, like two venomous snakes coiled together.

Exerting all his strength, the Indian tried to break the grasp of the Wolf Demon. Vainly he struggled—vainly he tried. He felt that his strength was going fast.

Tight and tighter grew the grip of steel.

The Indian turned black in the face. The blood gushed from his mouth. He ceased to struggle. The grip relaxed and Ke-ne-ha-ha fell to the ground, dead.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 190.)

Duke's Expectations.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

RUDDY gleams streaked the northern sky, deep crimson fading to palest rose. Rather a remarkable display of the aurora borealis, and as such claiming the attention of those who made note of phenomena. Duke Greyson was not generally included in the number, but he had found by chance that a north hall window framed in Miss Torrey, and immediately he discovered a hitherto unsuspected enthusiasm for the heavenly wonder.

"Tolerably neat thing in the way of celestial fireworks, Miss Torrey, but you ought to see a dozen oil wells on fire to have an idea of the Inferno. Some excitement in a scene like that."

It is only a thought from heaven to earth, and Miss Torrey made the descent safely.

"I have heard of your heroism on that occasion. They say it was owing chiefly to your efforts that the flames did not communicate to the whole valley."

"They say" has taken the best side of the question for once, certainly an unprecedented move for that ubiquitous gossip. I was the only man there when the fire broke out, and I had to work like a Turk, but to Providence and a favoring wind belongs all the credit. A hundred men couldn't have put a straw in the way of stopping it if it had once communicated to the gas of the flat where the main lot of wells were located."

"An illustration of the mutability of fortune. Uneasy lies the head, etc., and the crown of riches I daresay is not so very easy to be worn. Banks break, stocks are uncertain, and—oil wells are subject to conflagration. Query—not for you or I, Mr. Greyson—what shall the rich do to be safe?"

"Not for us indeed. There's my King Midas of an uncle, now. I may step into his shoes some day, but I wouldn't do it by metempsychosis for his kingdom. That's an example of a rise our country may well be proud of, but how the country is benefited thereby is more than I at present see. He began spinning cot-

ton in the New England mills, got to be a manufacturer, and at last went out to India and opened a branch of commerce on his own score. Was rich as a Jew in just no time, as you might say, and contracted a liver complaint, while would have killed him in a twelvemonth there, but may last out double that time here. He took the warning and went home, but not satisfied, even with one foot in the grave, he must go to speculating in oil, and, with his usual luck, it turns to gold, or what is the same thing in this day, greenbacks, under his fingers. Quite a happy thing for me, however, for a young man with no income and no profession there is only one resource open, to become a confidential agent, and, 'pon honor, I don't know how I should have been elevated to this responsible position but for uncle Judah."

modern King Midas, leading her to his nephew when that interview was concluded. "You shall have the agency, just the same, however," he bids fair to be all Duke ever will have from him, since the liver complaint has been fairly vanquished, and there is a boisterous hilarity in the Judah household. After all it was a salutary lesson to Duke. The loss of his expectations made a man of him; he is working his own way by slower degrees, but with an independence which can never be felt in toadying for "dead men's shoes," and pretty Minnie Trevanion is no longer jealous in remembering Miss Torrey.

Forecastle Yarns.

A Hungry Tar.

BY C. D. CLARK.

"He was a lazy coot, mates, that Jim Bunker," said Pretty Pete Stafford, as we gathered around the fragrant stocking containing the "plum duff," which gave the crowning touch to our Christmas cheer, as we lay at Honolulu. That plum duff, pride of the sailor-heart—one remains at least to tell how much we loved you! Plum duff, the pudding par excellence of the sailor, would not be so savory to a landman, but to us it was a vision of glory. Sometimes, far away in the northern seas, our "plums" were dried apples, and we missed the flaming brandy-sauce which made this glorious. But to Pretty Pete's tale of Jim Bunker. We called him Pretty Pete because he was the most homely mortal who ever breathed; so much does the sailor delight in twisting the truth out of shape.

"Yes, he was a lazy coot," repeated pretty Pete; "but one thing he could do—he knew how to eat. Mates, I used to watch that man scoff his grub, and a sort of reverence grew up in my bosom for him from that hour. There must be something in a man who could eat like that."

"Why, mates, that man would make no more of scoffing this bag of plum duff than I would of eating a hunk of bread-burn. It was awful—awful! He'd bin drew out of half-a-dozen ships because he bred a famine there, and they could not stand him. No, by gracious, they couldn't."

"One day we was in Rio, and five or six of us chaps undertook to fill him up. We had our pockets full of shiners, you understand, because we had just bin paid off, and all of us 'cept Jim, had a good 'lay.' So I sez to Jim, 'I'm going to fill you once if I bust you.'"

"Sez he, 'I wish you would, Pete, because I've ain't had no to say a full meal this cruise.' 'We went to a tavern and ordered dinner. None of your Kickshaws, you understand, but good beefsteaks and inguns, and plenty of 'em. That was the order I give, and they bring on a platter of grub that would 'a' made your eyes stick out. We all scoffed a heap, and the plate was empty in a jiffy. I knowed what I was doing, and by the time it was gone, another platter took its place. It was hunky stuff, but we didn't want to get too full, 'cause there was plum duff coming, and we wanted room for that, but Jim Bunker cleared the plate without winking his eye."

"What'll you have now, Jim?" sez I, for though he'd scoffed about five pounds of solid meat, he looked holler yet.

"I believe I'll take a leetle more of that beefsteak," he says.

"By this time the people in the hotel began to admire him, because, you understand, the dinner was by contract, and they'd charged what they thought was a thundering big price for filling us up. But you see they didn't know Jim, and I did."

"While the beefsteak and inguns was cooking, Jim e't two or three pounds of cold meat and clam chowder, and sech light stuff as that, jest to stay his stomach, he sed, while they were getting suthin' to eat. He complained all the time that they brought thunderin' small doses, but he worried along with a big plate of beefsteak come on, and he surrounded it quicker than you could wink your eye."

"See here," he sez, 'I ain't goin' to git a meal to-day if this keeps on. Why don't they fetch on their grub 'stead of foolin' away their time this way. I want suthin' to eat.'"

"The landlord began to look wild, for he saw that he had taken a big contract and didn't know certain that he could fill it. He came in and asked me to step out into the hall."

"What'll you take to let me off?" he sez. "You'll eat me out of house and home."

"We ain't eat a great deal, cap'n," sez I. "You five ain't eat as much as that man altogether. Be look at him, please look at him. He looks hureter than ever."

"I won't let you off, I sez. 'Give him some more beefsteaks and inguns, and try to fill him that way.'"

"I'll try it," he sez, 'but I'm mighty feared it won't work.'"

"So he went out to get the order, and while he was waiting Jim e't cold beef, chowder, pickles, cold ham, bread, tongue, cake—every thing he could git his cussid hands on, until the table looked like the Great African Desert after a dry spell. They bring in a smart heap of steaks and inguns, and Jim was through with them with undiminished vigor and looked up fur more. In this time we was full and had commenced on the grog, and had nothin' to do but watch the fun."

"Mates, it was a pinter to see Jim Bunker eat. His jaws rose and fell with the regularity of the walkin'-beam of a steamer, and we was breaking our hearts laughing at him, but the landlord didn't feel good."

"He rallied round me ag'in and tried to persuade me to choke Jim off, but I didn't see my way clear and wouldn't do it. Jim fell back on light truck ag'in, but the landlord turned and sed he didn't have no more beefsteak. I he jumped at the idee and ordered a plateful. The landlord went away, cussin' till the air smelled of sulphur, and ordered the new dish. Jim swallowed six eggs and two pounds of ham, as ef he had jest commenced, and then went through what was left of the plum duff and ordered some more."

"You can't have it," roared the landlord. "It would take two hours to cook it."

"Beefsteak come in yet?" sez Jim. "No; and we ain't goin' to have any more this day of grace 1883. Now, you hear me?"

"All right," sez Jim. "I ain't particular; bring on some more ham and eggs."

"Mates, you orter have seen that landlord's face. I thought he'd bust a blood-vessel, but he turned so blue round the muzzle, but he wouldn't bring on any thing more, and went tearing out of the house, swearing until I thort he'd raise the ruff."

"Mates," said Jim Bunker, with a sorrowful look, 'it seems as ef fate was ag'in me; I can't git a square meal nowhere. Give me a glass of grog.'"

"He was ahead of us all about a gallon when we turned in, but the landlord said Jim he could not eat breakfast in his house, and he went down to the Anchor, got suthin' to eat, and turned in. I give the old chap a leetle ex-

tra money in the mornin' and kinder soothed him down, but he sed if I ever brought that cannibal to his house again he'd have my life. I dunno as I blame him much. Eight bells; time to turn in."

Field Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE-BALL.

OUR BASE BALL ASSOCIATIONS.

It is now nearly seventeen years since the First Convention of base-ball players was held in this city, and from the date of that Convention begins the history of our national game of ball. The first regular base-ball club was the Knickerbocker Club of New York, which was organized in 1845, and next year that club—now a still flourishing institution—will celebrate its thirtieth anniversary. Following the Knickerbocker came the Gotham Club in 1853, and the Eagle in 1854. The former club adopted a brief code of playing rules which governed the game until the rules adopted by the Convention of May, 1857 came into operation. In March, 1858, the "National Association of Base-Ball Players" was organized, and from that time to this the code known as "The Association Rules" has governed the game throughout the country.

At the first convention in 1857 sixteen clubs—all in existence at that period—were represented. At the Convention of 1858, when the National Association was organized, twenty-five clubs were represented, all of which hailed from New York and Brooklyn except one, and that was from New Brunswick. In 1859, clubs from Astoria, New Utrecht, Jamaica, and Buffalo, came into the fold, as also from Jersey City, Hoboken, and Trenton, New Jersey. In 1860 other Jersey clubs and five or six from Philadelphia joined the Association, as also single clubs from Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, and the District of Columbia. From 1860 to 1867 the enrollment of clubs in the National Association extended itself, until at the close of the first ten years of the National Association's existence, over three hundred clubs had their names recorded as members, no less than twenty-four States being represented. Of these, 38 were from New York City; 46 of Brooklyn; 63 of New York State clubs outside these cities; 39 from New Jersey; 75 from Pennsylvania; 25 from Connecticut, and the remainder from other States. The summary of the clubs belonging to the National Association and enrolled as members from 1858 to 1869 was as follows:—

New York State Clubs.....	146
Pennsylvania.....	75
New Jersey.....	39
Connecticut.....	35
District of Columbia.....	10
Maryland.....	7
Ohio.....	6
Twelve other States.....	21

Total.....330

Of these, however, not over a hundred and twenty-five were ever represented at any single Convention, and these only at the great Convention of December 11, 1867, held in Philadelphia, a meeting which proved to be the culminating point in the history of the National Association. It was at the Convention of the year previous that the rapid growth of clubs throughout the country began to render it impossible to successfully run the National Association on the original basis of individual club representation, and in 1867 the experiment of State Association representation was tried, and at the Convention of that year no less than three hundred and fifteen clubs were duly represented by this plan, Illinois having 55, Ohio 42, Pennsylvania 27, Wisconsin 26, New York 25, Connecticut 24, Indiana 21, and Maryland 20. It was soon found, however, that while in theory, and under legitimate auspices, the rule of State Association representation would work well, its actual operation was marked by such abuses as to render it worse evil than the cumbersome method of individual club representation had been. So a better plan for the government of the fraternity was sought for. Just at this period of the game's history, however, a new trouble forced itself upon the attention of those who had taken up the subject of base-ball legislation, and that was the growing antagonism between the two existing classes of ball-players, who each claimed exclusive control of the National Association. It was at the convention of 1866 that it was decided that every player who played base-ball for money or for pecuniary compensation in any form should be regarded as a professional player, and such players were excluded from all participation in association club matches. At the Convention of 1868 this rule was changed by the influence of those clubs favoring the employment of professionals so as to make it optional with clubs to play professionals or not. At the Convention of 1869 an effort was made to restore the old rule, but it failed, and in consequence the Convention of 1870 proved to be the last meeting of the National Association as organized under the rules and regulations of the old Association Constitution. Seeing that it was impossible to rule the two classes by one organization, we went to work and organized first the National Association of Professional Players, and then the National Association of Amateur Players, and since these two organizations have existed the game has been played under one code of rules with the exception that the rules of the former allowed paid players and those of the latter did not.

We now come to the present position of things applicable to the government of the two classes of the fraternity, and looking at the existing state of affairs we find that, while the professional class have an Association in which every professional club is duly represented, the amateur class are controlled by half a dozen Associations. For instance, the New England Amateur Association regulates the intercourse of the clubs of that section. The Louisiana Association governs the clubs of the extreme South; the Pacific Base-Ball Association governs the clubs of the other side the Rocky Mountains; and the Pennsylvania Amateur Association regulates the affairs of all their State clubs, while all are governed by the one playing code of rules, viz., that which governs the Professional Association.

Coming up to the present time and looking at the facts in relation to the working of the National Association governing the amateur class, we can come to no other conclusion than that of regarding the time as gone by for the organization of any such institution through the medium of merely amateur club representation, such an institution we mean as should reflect the views and opinions of the amateur class of the fraternity, as did the old National Association in the days when professional ball-playing was unknown, and the whole of the clubs in the country did not contain a quarter as many as one city now contains. The Professional Association remains a representative organization simply from the fact that the clubs of their class are so few that all can be readily enrolled and represented in the Association. This is not the case in regard to the

amateur class, nor can it be, widespread as are the thousand and odd clubs forming the great body of the amateur class of the fraternity. The important question therefore arises as to what organization are the amateurs to look for an authorized code of rules and regulations which shall be respected and obeyed as the governmental power of the amateur fraternity.

It will never do for the gathering of some thirty odd clubs, composed chiefly of young and comparatively unimportant local organizations, to assume this responsibility or authority, for such a course would open the door to the organization of half a dozen such "National Associations," each of whom would adopt its own code of rules, and then would come such a condition of things as now marks the game of croquet, in which each city and town has a way of playing the game, differing from every other. In seeking for some organization which would be sufficiently influential to be empowered to issue a regular code of rules for the amateur fraternity, it seems to us that the college clubs would furnish just the organization required. In the first place, an Association composed of college club representatives could readily embrace every club of the kind in the country, thereby becoming a real representative body. Secondly, there is no questioning the fact, that not only would the best intelligence of the ball-playing brotherhood be brought to bear upon the legislation of this class, in adopting a regular code of rules, but the best and most honorable influences would also, in such case, aid in establishing the game in its thorough integrity. Our experience of National Associations of base-ball players has led us to have little faith in them as institutions meriting that obedience to the laws they enact, which should properly belong to a thoroughly able, representative, legislative body. In the effort to solve the problem of constructing an effective National Amateur Association, we have come to the conclusion that it is to the college clubs alone we can safely look for the establishment of an Association and the enactment of a code of laws which shall command the merited respect and obedience of the entire amateur fraternity of the country. In the meantime, the National Association can be beneficially organized, which shall be empowered to regulate the intercourse of State clubs, and, if they choose, to enact a special code of "championship rules." But in regard to the regular playing code of rules, there should be but one code governing the entire amateur class, and that code should be the one adopted by a Convention of the college clubs, as they are really the model amateur clubs of the country.

An Oregon Genius.—It appears from the *San Francisco Chronicle* that Oregon possesses a youthful genius who deserves more than passing notice. This is his story as told by that journal:

A caveat was recently filed in the Patent Office at Washington for a new motive power, which, in the opinion of experienced engineers and scientific gentlemen who have examined the working model, will not only supplant the present steam engine in use but largely increases the uses to which machinery can be applied with profit. Strange to say, this invention which promises such great results is the product of a boy but eighteen years of age, who was born and reared in the backwoods of Oregon. Frank C. Crouch is the name of the young genius. His father settled on a farm in Douglas county over twenty years ago, and the only educational advantages enjoyed by the young man were those afforded by the country school.

At a very early age he displayed a wonderful ingenuity in the construction of wind-mills and water-wheels. Before he was ten years of age he built a toy-sawmill, which was the wonder of the inhabitants for miles around. Natural philosophy and chemistry were his favorite studies, not only faithfully followed in school, but fairly reveling in out of school hours. He was continually testing the theories of the book by actual experiments, and produced results which astonished his elders. The frivolous amusements of other children he turned from, and his entire time was occupied not only in practically demonstrating what he saw in print, but in endeavoring to improve upon the original. Up to four years ago, when he went with his father to Portland, he never had seen a telegraphic instrument, yet instead of having its operation explained to him, he astonished the operator with a more profound elucidation of its workings than the operator himself could have given. Upon his return home he constructed an instrument, made a battery, and in a rude way could telegraph with it. He came near losing his life at this period, from the strength of a battery which he had constructed, receiving a shock which laid him up for a month. In this connection it may be stated that this young man has perfected a system of telegraphy whereby messages may be sent and received on board a train of cars, whether standing still or moving at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The young man fully explained this system to the Chronicle's reporters, showing plainly that it is feasible, but as his application for a patent is not yet filed, it would be unfair to make it public.

This system also renders collisions impossible and greatly reduces the chances of accidents of all kinds. It has been tested on twelve miles of road and found to work like a charm. Another of his inventions, from which his friends and practical machinists expect great results, is a self-regulating water feed, to be applied to boilers. The great majority of explosions which occur are caused by the water getting low through the carelessness of the engineer. By this arrangement, the water in the boiler will always be kept at a certain height, rendering explosions impossible, requiring no attention from the engineer, and dispensing with the water gauges. Among all the inventions to which this young man has applied his attention, the one which he was most desirous of bringing before the public, was his steam-engine.

His father, who is a plain, practical farmer, endeavored to turn his attention from machinery and electricity to the every-day life of the farm, but finally he was persuaded by the unceasing importunities of the youth to go with him to Portland, and endeavor to get some capitalist to supply the money to bring out the inventions of the boy. They met with poor success in Portland, and the father, whose means are limited, endeavored to persuade his son to return home. The young man would not listen to such a proposition, and finally induced his father to come on down to San Francisco. They met with poor success here at first, but young Crouch finally succeeded in getting a miniature model of his engine manufactured. He took it down to San Jose, where several old friends of the Crouch family reside.

At Judge Hester's residence, on the Alameda Road, the little engine, with but two-inch cylinder and two-inch stroke, was applied to a very strong mule. It easily handled the machine and accomplished work which the mule could not, cutting off grapevines and barrel-hoops as readily as straw.



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I should desire my wife to be
The pride of womankind
Who'd give me love a priceless store
And not much of her mind;
Who for my sake would go with me
Where'er my fortune drew,
And leave her cherished home behind
And—well, her mother, too.
The beauty of her smile should make
A sunshine in the room;
Her hands should bless the household ways
And not mislead the broom.
And at the marriage altar she
With graciousness that charms
Should bring me an undying trust
And—oh, or two good farms.
The charm of wifely patience sweet
Should crown her like the sun;
She should be honored for true worth
And not cook stews too done.
Beneath her spell my home should be
An honor to myself,
Where she should greet me with a smile
Though I came in at twelve.
Humility should be her pride,
Which is delicate to show;
Her lips should only breathe of truth
And let the onions be.
The light of truest faith should make
Its home within her eyes,
And she should make a heaven of earth—
And iron my bosoms nice.
Her gentleness should be the kind
Which a true heart admires,
And her affection ne'er grow cold
While making early fires.
Her constancy of love should prove
That time more closely knits;
She should not sigh when fortunes frown
Nor give her neighbors fits.
A nover wife there could not be
If I had such a one;
I'd rest contentedly to know
My cooking would be done.

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ADMIRABLE CRICHTON;
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A STORY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY AGILE PENNE.

BORN in Scotland in 1551; a Master of Arts at fourteen years of age; in his thirty-first year holding a solemn disputation before the University of Padua, and for six hours arguing with the greatest professors in Europe; a year after, at Mantua, meeting in single fight the Count of Castiglione, surnamed the Bully of Italy, and stretching him dead upon the field. As skilled in music, too, as he was wise in the ancient love of bookish knowledge or learned in the quarte and tierce of the fencing school. Where then could the great Duke of Mantua find a better preceptor to his son and heir, Vincenzo Gonzaga, than the man known far and wide as the Admirable Crichton?

A short six months had Crichton taught the heir of Mantua's duke when the carnival time arrived. Master and pupil had not learned to love each other, for there was not a single thought in common between Crichton, soul of honor and heart of gold, and the purse-proud lord, born to power, but mean at heart.

Right gladly would the Scot have quitted Mantua, but that for a year he had given his word to abide in the service of the duke.

Then, too, there was another tie that bound the blue-eyed Scot to the sunny Italian city. Wandering one day in a narrow street that led from the grand square of the city, a girlish voice, sweet as the notes of the linnets, warbling a simple love song, fell upon his ears.

Though musician as he was, the young Scot was impressed at once by the capability of the evidently uncultured voice.

"Sweet as the mermaid's song!" he murmured, as he halted spellbound and listened to the wild, fresh notes.

And then, as the last lingering cadence floated upon the air, Crichton raised his eyes to the casement above him, and through the lattice saw a face as fair as the song was sweet.

A blue-eyed girl, with red-gold hair, the very Madonna of the painter, type so rare of Italian beauty that one might search for many weeks from the mountains of the north to the sands of the south and yet not find a maid blessed with the face that the artist's pencil had given to the Virgin Mother.

"No dream, but a saint from heaven!" Crichton cried, aloud.

The maiden heard the words, looked down in surprise, blushed when she saw the enraptured cavalier gazing so fixedly upon her, then cast down her sewing and fled.

The disappearance of the beautiful girl woke Crichton rudely from his dream of bliss.

Long he waited, but the maiden appeared not again at the lattice. The Scot returned to the palace, but that night, when the moon came out clear and full, with his guitar the Scot stood beneath the window, and many a soft love note throbbled on the air, as, with skillful fingers, he touched the magic strings.

What maiden loving music could resist the desire to listen when Admirable Crichton's fingers swept the strings of the light guitar?

Night after night he came and played beneath the window, and by day his walk led ever through the little street.

Like a shadow he hovered about the foot-steps of the maiden when she sought the church at early mass or hastened to vespers in the twilight dim.

No mortal maid could resist such earnest and respectful devotion, coming, too, from a cavalier whose worth acknowledged no superior in all Mantua.

And so one night, when Crichton, as was his wont, hymned the praises of the unknown fair to the rising moon, the lattice window opened and the maiden in song answered.

The darkness of the night veiled the blushes which mantled on her cheeks as she listened to Crichton's tale, and softly made answer that to no lover had she pledged her heart.

The maiden's name was Catherine Braganza. Her father, a soldier of fortune, had perished upon the field of battle, and now an uncle, a goldsmith of Mantua, provided for her. The goldsmith was absent in Venice, and the maiden waited his return.

After this night no more did the notes of Crichton's guitar rise on the air beneath the window of the Madonna maid. The notes of music were not needed now to translate the vows of love; but the gallant, below the casement, and the maiden, looking through the lattice, held long and sweet converse together.

The last night of the carnival came. Crichton, detained by his duties at the palace, was late in seeking his love. The cathedral bells had told the hour of ten when Crichton turned from the grand square into the little street. He hastened to his accustomed post beneath the lattice window, but, to his astonishment, Catherine was not at the casement in anxious expectation.

A dim foreboding of evil filled the heart of Crichton. He had come directly from the palace,

guitar in hand, only wrapping a mantle around him.

With anxious and trembling fingers he struck the strings of the instrument.

Almost at the first note, the lattice opened and Catherine appeared. Even in the dim light, for the casement was in the shadow, although the room shone bright, Crichton could see that the face of his lady was pale, and that tear-drops were in her eyes.

"Oh, the Virgin be praised that you are here and safe!" the maiden murmured, as she leaned from the lattice and extended both of her white arms toward her lover.

Crichton was astonished at the fervent exclamation.

"I have been detained at the palace," he said. "I feared you would chafe at my long delay."

"It is more than that that excites my fears," she replied. "I expected you at least two hours ago, and sat here with the casement open. A band of maskers came laughing through the street from the grand square, and halted here, beneath the window. I hastily retired, not wishing to attract their observation; judge then of my horror when a ladder was raised against the window, and a young cavalier entered. I would have shrieked in fright, but terror bound my tongue. The man addressed me in terms of courtly compliment; said that I had inspired his wits, and prayed me to believe that he loved me beyond expression. Alarmed, I bade him begone, or I would call aloud for the city watch. He laughed, and cried that the soldiers of the watch would think twice before they meddled with his pleasure. Then with scornful accent he mentioned your name, and asked me if I called for protection when you told a tale of love. I knew not what to say, and could only beseech him to be gone. Unheeding my words, he told me that he was one of the greatest lords in Mantua, and asked me if I preferred a renegade Scot to a native-born Italian. What more he would have said I know not, but at that moment one of his followers in the street cried out that there was an armed body of men approaching down the square. The gallant at once retreated; but as he descended from the window, he exclaimed: 'Tell this Admirable Crichton that despite his skill, an Italian blade may yet find a scabbard in his Scotch body.' Then they departed, and I saw no more of them."

"Fear not, dear love!" Crichton said, soothingly. "Some of the wild gallants of the court have tracked my footsteps hither, but the boldest of them will think twice ere they brave me openly."

Hardly had the words left his lips when a slight scream came from the girl.

Six masked men, swords gleaming in their hands, came from the grand square, and advanced rapidly toward Crichton.

Their intention was far too plain to be misunderstood.

"Fear not!" Crichton cried, addressing the maid; "see me slay these bravos!"

The guitar he cast to the ground, and the long rapier he plucked from its scabbard. With his back against the wall, he awaited the assault, his mantle wrapped around his left arm.

Three straight thrusts he parried with a single sweep of his keen blade, and three desperate slashes fell harmless upon the cloaked arm. Then, with the finish of the circle of the sweeping blade, the foremost mask went down, his forehead cloven open; a thrust in the throat paid the second, and he dropped like lead. Springing from the shelter of the wall, lion-like, an upper cut and two straight thrusts, and three more masks, disabled, fell.

The last one of the three, desperate, lunged at Crichton's heart; the party went the light blade whizzing through the air, and as the Scot's arm was drawn back, to deliver the finishing thrust, the man threw off his mask, and revealed the features of Crichton's pupil, Vincenzo Gonzaga.

"Spare me!" cried the Italian.

Crichton lowered his hand, took the blade in his fingers, and held the rapier toward the baffled assassin.

"Pardon me, my lord," he cried; "I but struck in mine own defence. If you wish my life, it is yours for the asking."

Such nobility of soul would have almost made a statue cry aloud in admiration, but the base Italian, hot with wine, and chafed at the defeat of his hired bravos, seized the sword and plunged it into Crichton's breast, then fled like the guilty villain that he was.

A single shriek came from Catherine's lips. Leaping from the window, she fell lifeless upon her lover's body.

And thus, by a coward's hand, was still the bravest heart that ever beat within the bosom of a Scot. Thus fell the Admirable Crichton.

A Christmas in Cathay,
OR,
HOW OUR DINNER WAS SPOILED.

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

"Now you must be sure to remember that we sail again on the twenty-third at noon-time, Miss Mabel, and if you are not down from the city at that hour, I shall go away in the bitterness of full belief that you don't like either my vessel or myself," said Captain Sargent, skipper of the steamer Undine, as he stood near the gangway of his pretty craft and bade a temporary adieu to one of the passengers who had journeyed with him from Hong Kong.

"Rest assured we will be ready in good time, captain; you may blame me if in good time, late, for I can persuade mamma into anything, and from what you have told me about Foochow, I don't think Madeline will wish to prolong her stay there. Good-by! If you should run up to the city you'll not forget to visit us at the Gilmore's I hope."

"Not if I know myself, ma-belle," muttered the skipper, as the bright girl sprang lightly into a sampan, that, propelled by the sculls and oars of four stalwart Chinese, was soon gliding swiftly up the river Min.

The Undine, of which vessel I was chief officer, belonged to a firm in Hong Kong, and was engaged in what was known as the East coast trade—that is, she touched at Swatow and Amoy on both the passages up and down to Foochow. The trip was always considered a very pleasant one, and we often carried passengers the round trip for the benefit of their healths. The river Min, which rises in the Woo-ee (Bohea) hills and flows through the city of Foochow, is not navigable for any craft larger than a flat-bottomed lighter, and therefore all vessels have to discharge and take in their cargoes at Pagoda anchorage, which is midway between the city proper and sharp peak, where the river joins the sea.

Upon the voyage of which I now speak we had six or seven cabin passengers, three of whom were of the gentler sex. The gentlemen were bound to Foochow on business, the ladies merely took the trip for the purpose of escaping from the tedious monotony of society routine in Victoria. Mrs. Morris, who chaperoned her daughters, was the wife of a major in the 99th regiment, which was then quartered in the

Murray barracks at Hong-Kong. She was an old campaigner, had followed her husband likeness by the "subs" of the 99th for her general geniality—and at least one of her daughters.

Madeline, the eldest of these sirens, was a pretty fair specimen of "a garrison girl." Report said that she had possessed some charms when she had joined the regiment, some twelve years before, and that in those days she was the recipient of many matrimonial proposals from ardent but impetuous ensigns; but Miss Morris played for higher stakes, and, as fortune had been fickle, she found herself *passée*, and thirty-three, and, worst of all, single.

Mabel was many years younger than her sister—in fact, she had only finished her education and joined her parents in China a few months prior to our first acquaintance. Very beautiful indeed was this young lady; her figure was faultless and her features so exquisitely molded that she seemed one of Dame Nature's masterpieces. Her skin was smooth as satin, her complexion clear and warm, her every movement graceful as a fairy's. Eyes, dark as night and fringed with lashes that swept the cheek beneath, eyes that sparkled with vivacious merriment or seemed melting in unshed tears were hers, and the ivory-white forehead above them was surmounted by a gorgeous wealth of glossy hair, black as the raven's plume. I had heard her praises sung before she came aboard the Undine, and was able fully to realize why the whole masculine community were raving about her ere I had known her an hour.

Captain Sargent was about thirty years of age, and, and faithfully susceptible in *affaires de coeur*, even for a sailor. He had been reared in "the Flowery Land," and having had but few opportunities to mingle in the society of ladies was very prone to regard Caucasian dames as only one degree removed from the angelic host. Before we dropped anchor in the Min, I knew his heart was lost utterly and irrevocably to the bright-eyed beauty whom we called Queen Mab. The evening prior to the day fixed for our departure, Captain Sargent went up to the city in his gig, and as I guessed when I saw him next, he returned the next morning with the Morris party. In the cabin, a concealed passenger in the cabin, a concealed puppy, named Rivington, who was connected with the Wong-nei-chong Hong, sported an eye-glass, and considered himself a lady-killer.

The Undine was delayed for some hours at Sharp Peak, as there was not sufficient water to cross the bar, and before we got past the White Dog's den a fog overspread the ocean that the skipper determined to anchor for the night upon those islands. The mist did not lift until late in the afternoon, so Captain Sargent determined to shorten his journey to Amoy by going through the Hae-tan Straits, a passage carefully avoided by sailing-vessels, on account of its many shoals and its evil reputation as a rendezvous for piratical craft. The fog came down again before we were half-way through the straits, and we had to anchor again.

"You may make up your minds to spend Christmas day afloat, ladies," said the captain, as we sat at the supper-table. "We could not reach Amoy in time to enjoy ourselves ashore, so I intend to remain where we are. We'll make ourselves as jolly, however, as though we were all blood relations of Mark Tapley, and I shall expect every one to contribute to the general amusement fund."

The ladies entered into the arrangement very willingly, and though the weather was not particularly cold, the skipper ordered the steward to light a fire in the cabin stove, which was a cunning contrivance that would sustain a copper kettle admirably adapted for the distillation of hot beverages of a vinous nature. We sat around that stove and we drank toast to absent friends, spun yarns by the fathom, became sentimental over Mabel's sweet-home songs, and outrageously merry over Mrs. Morris' garrison reminiscences. Hot whisky and Mabel's beauty had rendered Rivington ludicrously lachrymose, and he essayed to sing in aristocratic accents a pathetic ballad about a broken heart, which the quartermaster brought to an abrupt conclusion by striking eight bells. Then we went on deck and sat in the rigging. Malay sailors by singing a carol—fearfully out of time—shaking hands all round in an idiotic kind of way, and wishing everybody generally a Merry Christmas. I let the second and third mates keep the rest of the anchor-watches that night.

The weather was clearer the next morning, and the uprising sun soon scattered the remnants of the fog; but Captain Sargent said we might as well be where we were until the following day. The third-mate, who acted as purser, had taken care that the Commodore had provided any quantity of good things for our Christmas dinner, and it was decided by vote that it should be eaten at one o'clock, so as to give us plenty of time for fun after it was digested.

We had done justice to the turkey, the roast beef and *entremets*, and were just preparing to assault the blue-blazing plum-pudding, when old Abdoel, one of the Malay *seamen*, put his up. "Mabum, tuan, tegu buma, gah, mark!" (Mr. Mate, three large junks are coming!) he said.

Muttering a savage anathema against Chinese mariners in general, I went on deck. There, sure enough, I saw three tai-munks coming down toward us and evidently acting in concert, though pretending not to be even aware of our presence. With the aid of a powerful binocular glass I could see that the junks were all heavily armed, and their long, low hulls indicated that their calling was not that of honest traders. I called the skipper, who took in the situation at a glance.

"Heave short as quick as you can. Mr. Pinkham, get steam as soon as possible. Mr. Southgate, let the quartermaster clear away the guns and get the small-arms and ammunition ready," he cried.

While the chief-engineer and second-mate were attending to their duties, I got my men to the capstan, and had the anchor peak by the time the banked fires had been raked into a sufficient glow to generate a full head of steam. "It's just well for us to clear out of this," said the skipper, when I had seen the anchor fished and had walked aft. "Those three fellows would be too much for us, I think, and the ladies—Ah!"

"Captain Sargent sprung to the telegraph and signaled: 'full speed astern' for the steamer had run right upon one of the treacherous sand-banks which lay *perdu* beneath the smooth and sheeny surface of the sea. I jumped to the hand-lead and found that the Undine had gone so fast up the shoal that there was only half a fathom water just abaft the fore-rigging; the engine powerless to back her off, so I told Southgate to bend the kedge anchor on a stout bawser while I got the gig ready for lowering. The junks were pretty close to us by this time, and evidently appreciated our dilemma, for they shortened sail and bore down in line.

"Hold on that boat, Mr. Carter," said the skipper, as a shot, the first evidence of hostilities, whistled over the Undine. "We can't kedge her off under fire. Man the guns, serve

out the rifles and cutlasses, and let's make as good a fight as we can."

We had a crew of ninety Malays, tough little fellows, many of whom had doubtless been pirates themselves on their own coast, and who were as fond of fighting as their native fowls. They hated the Chinese, had an utter disregard for life, and under Caucasian leadership, would dare anything. Southgate took charge of the swivel-carriage 24-pounder on the forecastle; Waters of the two little nines amidships, and I joined the captain and three engineers who were blazing away with Minies on the quarter-deck.

"Hand down those rifles as you fire them and we'll reload them. A soldier's family ought to know how to do that," it was Mrs. Morris who spoke; she was standing on the companion-stair as cool as a cucumber, though the pirates were sending in their shot pretty fast. A few seconds later I glanced down the skylight as I passed down my weapon. The three ladies were busy as keepers at the *batterie*, loading and handling the rifles as if they were used to the work. Rivington was not there—I supposed he was helping at the main-deck guns. But the affray was too hot to last. We were fearfully overmatched, and I was beginning to think of what would be the probable fate of the poor ladies if we had to succumb, when a well-directed shot of Southgate's carried away the mainmast of the largest junk. Almost simultaneously the Serang yelled:—"Kappal-api!" (a steamer.)

I glanced in the direction the boatswain indicated, and saw the line of smoke which told of approaching aid. If we could only hold out a little longer! Soon the pirates detected the steamer, and determined to board us at once. One of the junks came sweeping down, round-ed to under our quarter and cast grapnels aboard.

"*Mari de plakkan, sam orang!*" (lay aft all hands), cried the skipper, and at it went, hammer and tongs—or rather, pikes and cutlasses. The boarders were armed with short, straight swords, resembling overgrown daggers, and they swarmed over the side of the pretty Undine pell-mell. But the Malays were in their element, and they fought like demons, setting their filed teeth, yelling their native war-cries, and dealing death around them. There were at least two hundred men aboard the junk, but our brave fellows kept beating them back with severe loss for fully ten minutes. At length about forty scrambled on deck amidships, and as the Malays rushed thither to repel them, another party of five sprung up the mizen chains. Captain Sargent dashed at them, supported only by Abdoel; I followed, but the skipper was cut down by the head man, or pirate chief, in person, before I could gain his side. Right out from the companion-way I saw flash out a fork of flame, and the chief rolled dead upon the deck. Standing at the head of the stairs was Mabel, revolver in hand. A few quick passes and Abdoel and I had placed the chief's body *quod hors de combat*. I sprang toward my prostrate captain, but Mabel was there before me; his head was raised upon her shoulder, her raven tresses fanned his face.

"*Jaga jaga, de plakkan Mabum, tuan!*" (look out, take care aft, Mr. Mate!) I heard an unearthly voice yell out. It was the *bandaids*, or cook's mate, of the Undine, a poor half-witted fellow, and he held aloft a blazing torch. I guessed what he was about to do instantaneously. Not a second was to be lost. I caught up the captain in my arms: "Below, quick!" was all I could ejaculate. Mabel sprang down the hatchway after me; another instant of suspense and then there was a mighty explosion that shook the steamer from stem to stern, and caused her to careen violently, while a shower of riven spars and splinters rained upon her deck—the pirate had blown up.

The faithful *bandaids* had sold his life for us; he had leaped aboard the junk and fired the magazine!

We were safe then, for the other miscreants had already hoisted every sail to get out of the way of the American steamer *Fohkein*, which was coming to our assistance. She towed us off the bank and lay by us until we were more or less wounded, and ten were killed outright. We thought at first that Rivington had fallen, as he was missing. He did fall—in the ladies' estimation when he crawled out of the lazarette after the fighting was over. Captain Sargent's wound was not very serious, and he had a good nurse in the bonny girl who shot the pirate chief. He was acting nurse the last time I saw him—tending Mabel's baby, in which he had a joint interest, for he married the charming girl before another Christmas day was celebrated.

Weekly Budget.

Persian Punishments.—The old saw, "unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians," would seem to have some foundation in fact, since we find a mode of capital punishment still in vogue in Persia that we read of as having been employed upon Bessus, the murderer of King Darius, though many, if not most of the laws of the present day, are of considerably more recent origin. These laws may be divided into two great classes—the ecclesiastical and the secular; both of equal power in the state, or, at least, so equally balanced, that any preponderance arises from the personal feelings and character of the reigning monarch. The former, like that of all Mohammedan nations, is founded on the Koran, and also on the sayings and precepts ("Sonna") of the immediate successors of the Prophet, and is administered by the priests alone. The second is called the "Urf," and has for judges, the king as supreme, and under him all the secular officers of the nation, any of whom are competent (legally, if not actually), to try and judge cases, and act as civil magistrates, with power to inflict, according to their several rank, any punishment short of death—except in the rare cases where the Shah delegates that also to princes of the blood-royal, or to rulers of distant provinces. The latter law, then, or *lex non scripta*, as it might with propriety be called—is really the national traditional customs handed down from remote antiquity, and as each expounder of it is guided by his own opinion or interest, it is of a somewhat arbitrary nature. In the "Sherrah," or *lex scripta*, the Sheikh al Islam, or Ruler of the Faith, who receives the large salary of two thousand tomans a year, is the principal judge in each separate district or town; and, in the larger ones, there is another functionary, called the Canzee, assisted by a council of those holy rogues, the mollas.

It may be at once stated that bribery and corruption of the very worst description are of the most common occurrence; while the difficulty, on the other hand, would be to find an honest judge, or perhaps it would be more strictly true to say a man who had not got his price, for the higher judges are honest so long as the temptation is not too great; and the only approach to anything like justice in the Urf courts is owing to their being an appeal to them from the decisions of the lower officials. The king himself not infrequently puts great nobles up for sale, who, if they succeed in buy-

ing themselves in, are restored to favor, but, if overbid, lose their commands and honors to the successful bidder. The following story which we take from Fraser's Persia, give a good idea of the oppressions which take place.

"An acquaintance of the writer of these pages, while he lodged in a certain town, was alarmed by hearing, in a neighboring house, a sort of periodical punishment going on daily. Heavy blows were given, and a person was continually crying out 'Aman! aman! (Mercy! mercy!)—I have nothing! Heaven is my witness, I have nothing! Upon inquiry, he learned that the sufferer was a merchant reputed to be very rich, who afterward confessed to him that, having understood the governor of the place was determined to have a share in his wealth, and expecting to be put to the torture, he had resolved to habituate himself to the endurance of pain, in order to be able to resist the threatened demands. He had brought himself to bear one thousand strokes of the stick, and, as he was able to counterfeit exhaustion, he hoped to be able to bear as many blows as they would venture to inflict, short of death, without conceding any of his money.

The king usually does his share of duty as a judge in a business-like manner, holding two courts daily for the redress of grievances, when any one can have access to him, though perhaps the European listener would be somewhat surprised at hearing such summary judgments as: 'Off with his head,' and 'Cut out his tongue,' or, should one of the parties be considered too argumentative, at the order 'Give him the shoe,' which means the instant application of a heavy blow on the mouth from an iron-heeled slipper, which, says Fowler, 'is pretty effective, and frequently ends the assize; but 'Turn up his heels' is deemed a still sounder argument," as we need hardly doubt it would be.

It could not interest the general reader were we to dilate upon the particular laws and penalties enacted for each species of misdemeanor, though we may mention that, as there is no system of convict-labor, the government can not afford to keep men in confinement, and so capital and corporal punishments, with fines, are all that offenders have to dread. Murder and high-handed robbery are generally punished by death; but as the forsworn are commutable to the heir of the deceased who has the privilege of doing as he chooses with the murderer, a premium is offered on this species of crime, impatient heirs not unfrequently getting their relation put out of the way, and then, by this law, shielding their tool from any but nominal punishment. Either highway robbery or simple theft is to be compromised by a fine, though, by the law of the Boran, a thief is subjected to amputation of an arm, hand, ear, or nose, and as the rank of the offender is commutable at once dipped into boiling oil, mortification rarely follows, and the wound soon heals. For other offenses, such as assault, or any injury to the person, etc., the old Jewish *lex talionis* is enforced, unless, indeed, a pecuniary equivalent is given to the prosecutor, or a sufficiently large bribe to the judge, either of which will always prevent any other punishment from being inflicted.

As for the forms of capital punishment in Persia, some of them are too horrible to mention—strangulation or suffocation being among the least offensive methods employed. Sometimes, though rarely, in the case of relations, one life, when offered, is accepted in lieu of the one forfeited. When the king decides on the death of any of the great nobles, or rulers, a special messenger is at once started off with the warrant. He rides night and day, until he reaches his destination, when, without any delay, he at once goes to the man, is admitted as coming from the king, and drawing the warrant with one hand, and his scimitar with the other, he then and there kills him, without usually any attempt at resistance being made.

Besides those resulting in death, there are other punishments in use almost equally barbarous: mutilation of the limbs we have mentioned; but scooping out the eyes, cutting out the tongue, besides boring the latter or nose with an awl, bastinadoing and whipping, are common. Many of the Shahs have been most ferocious. Notorious as Agah Mahomet, a very ugly man, used to put out the eyes of any one who dared to look at his hideous countenance; while the late Shah executed 1,200 men on one day at Kasrine, and had their heads rolled into heaps in the bazars; he also caused his uncle, Saduk Khan, to be built up into a room, and left there to die, and this after a promise that he would not injure him. Regarding cutting out the tongue, Fowler makes a very extraordinary statement in his second volume; he says: "It is stated that by an English doctor, that if it be cleared out at the root, there is no impediment whatever to speech; but if a portion be left, it is fatal to all other articulation. Of the former, I have had evidence, having heard a man who was tongueless talk with his accustomed rapidity." The italics are my own, and by them I would draw attention to this apparent impossibility, for though it is not difficult to understand, that, after the loss of this member, sound could be produced as before, it is not easy to see how articulation, vulgarly supposed to be dependent on the combined movements of the lips and tongue, could be retained.

We have hardly mentioned the bastinado, because Turkish travelers and other oriental writers have made every one conversant with the manner of its use; but the following account proves how severely it is inflicted even upon those of superior rank. "On going to the bazar a few days ago I observed three capstans" (officers of the army) "lying on the city common with their legs bound to sticks of timber, and they trembling and writing under the severity of the whip, one of whom died the day following from the severity with which he had been beaten, and subsequent exposure to cold. The soles of their feet, when I saw them, were bruised almost to a jelly; the legs were naked and bloody; they were agonized with pain, and shaking with chills, there being snow on the ground around them; and twelve or fifteen more were afterward exposed there in a similar condition."

In conclusion, we must mention the place of refuge or sanctuary in which offenders of any dye, even the deepest, such as murderers, or those guilty of high treason, are perfectly secure, though the locality is a somewhat peculiar one, being no other than the royal stables. Here any criminal may remain indefinitely, being fed the while at the royal expense, until he either secures a pardon, or is induced by some other means to desert his haven of refuge. It is not long ago since a Persian noble, of the highest rank, who had himself aspired to the throne, escaped to this place, and stayed there until pardoned for his offense. Some few of the mosques are endowed with the same privilege, though to a less degree.

THESE are in the refreshing Western style of persons: "Mr. Waggoner found fault with the beef at a Memphis hotel, the other morning, and the coroner made a \$300 claim." "Peter Ink, an old citizen of Knox County, Ohio, was blotted out the other day, age 75."